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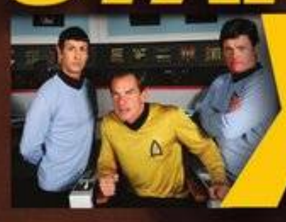

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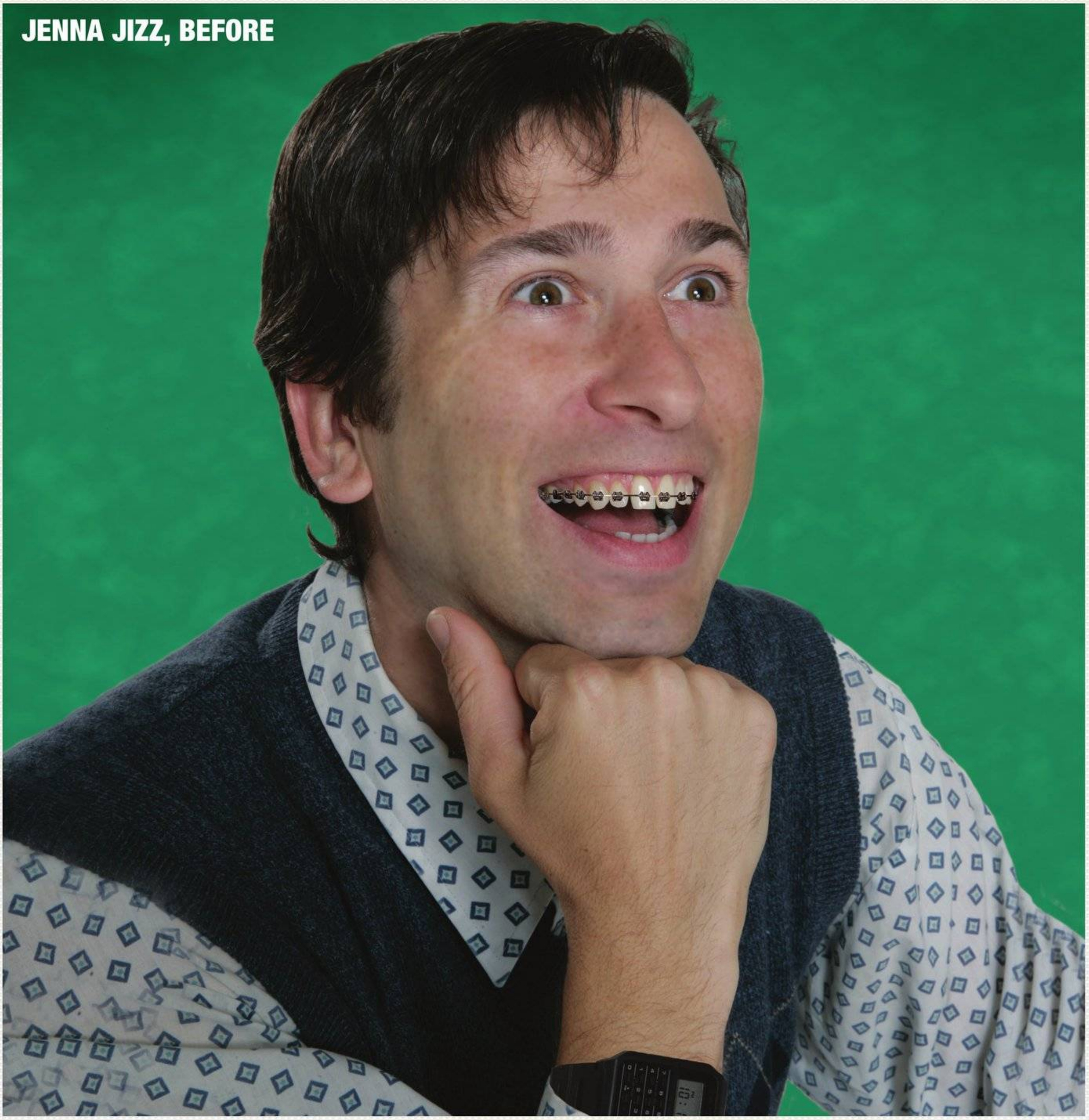
JENNA JIZZ, BEFORE



"COLD SPLOOGE SLATHER HELPED ME BECOME THE WOMAN I NEVER THOUGHT I COULD BE: A WOMAN WITH A FAKE VAGINA CONSTRUCTED OUT OF MY CUT-OFF PENIS WHO FUCKS UNSUPECTING BUSINESSMEN FOR MONEY. THANKS, COLD SPLOOGE. JENNA JIZZ" —Transsexual Hooker.

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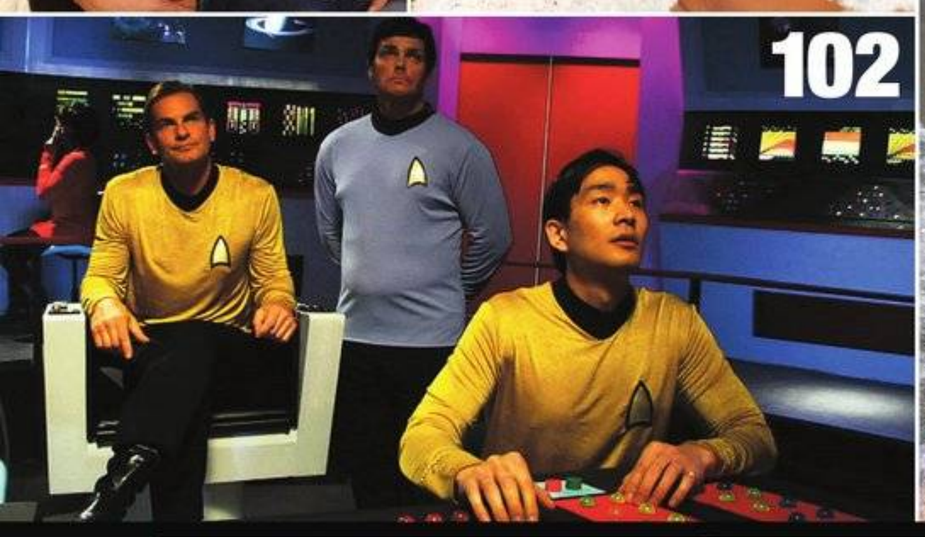

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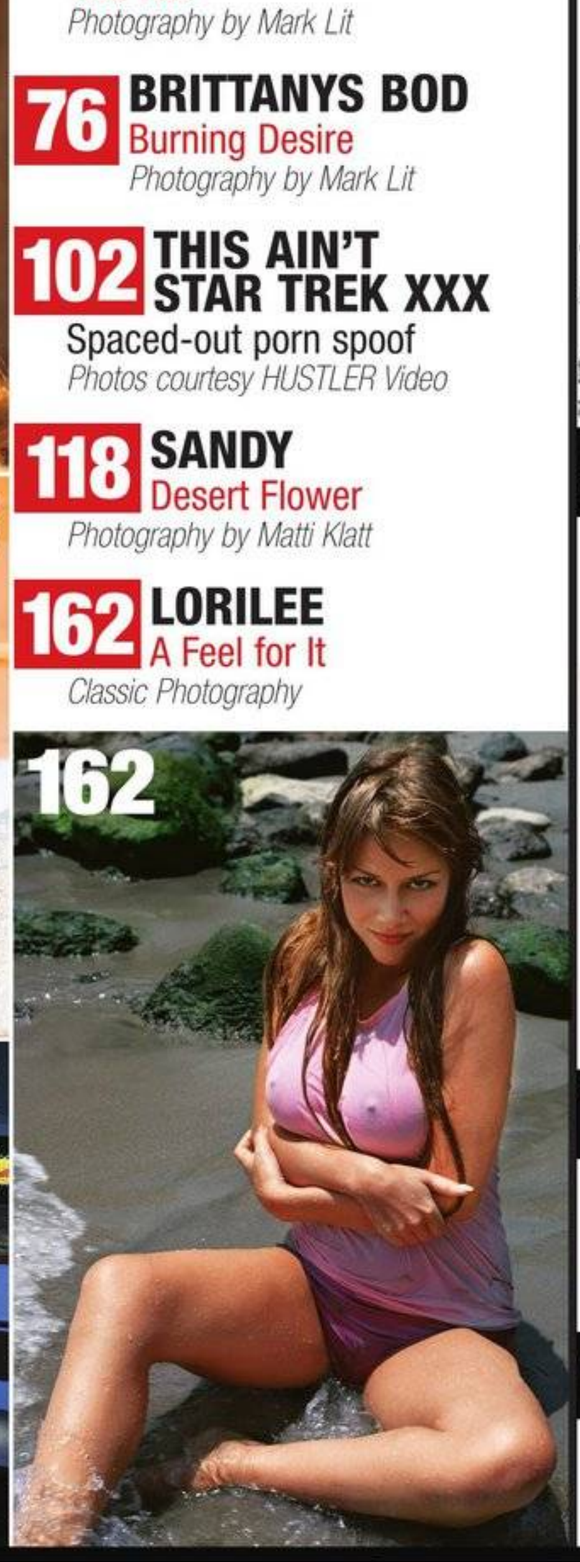

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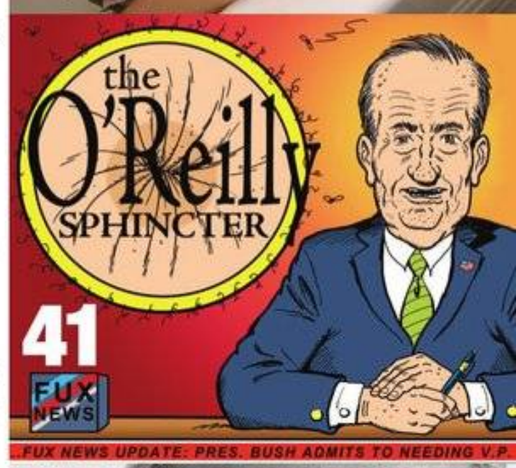

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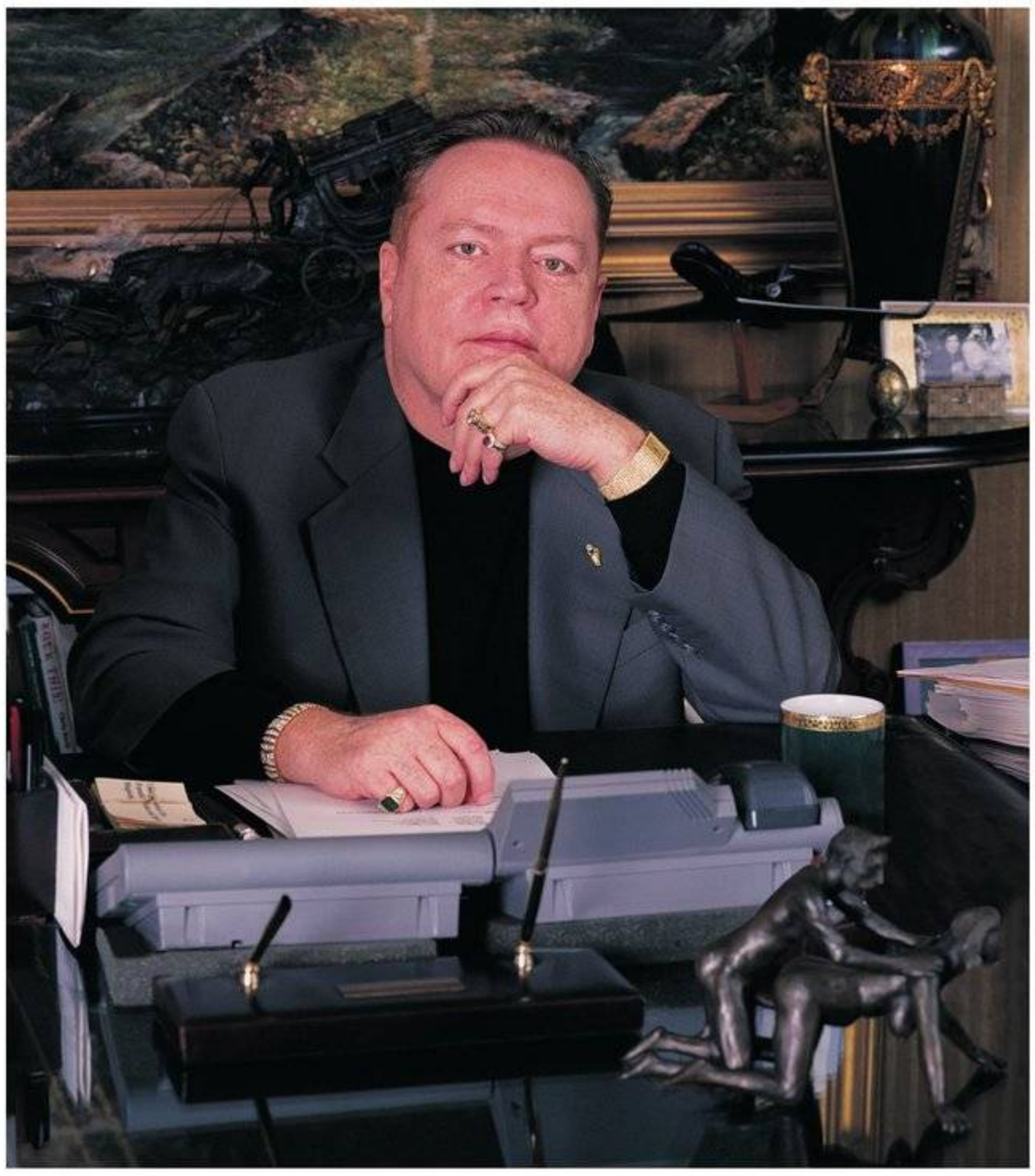

IS IT SOCIALISM?

Of late, the Republicans have been busy screaming about socialism as it supposedly relates to President Obama. Obama's spending plans on healthcare, education and social programs (to help get us out of the depression) are turning America into a socialist state, they claim. But what does that mean exactly?

Is the state's financing of police and fire departments socialism? Is it socialism when the state pays for the education of our children? How about providing healthcare to senior citizens and the poor? Or public works programs for building roads and bridges? These services certainly meet the standard definition of socialism, and they have all been with us since pretty much the founding of our country.

America is a capitalist society, and no one is more in favor of capitalism than I am. But let's get a grip here. A successful democracy can only survive if it meets certain basic needs of its citizens. Spending our tax dollars on police and fire departments, schools, healthcare and highways isn't going to slow down a capitalist like me. Or a guy making $40,000 a year. We all need these things to keep our system running smoothly.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

"So there you have it. From Mill Valley, this is Bill Cawley with another happy ending for a soldier returning from Iraq."

BY KEITH VALCOURT

Better living through gadgets. TECH KNOW

SLOT MACHINE

Looking for an alternative to the standard MP3 player? Then pick up the **Slot Radio Player** from Sandisk. This unit utilizes new technology that lets you load in an interchangeable micro-card packed with up to 1,000 songs for hours of play. No computer needed! The lightweight, compact player comes complete with an AC adapter, carrying case and USB cable in case you want to add some of your songs to the card. Need more music? No problem. Sandisk is constantly working with its partners (record companies and *Billboard* magazine) to acquire new songs and albums.

Available at ***RadioShack.com***. Suggested retail price: $99; additional cards $39 each.

WIN THIS

SOUND OF THE FUTURE

The **GigaWorks T3** compact speaker system from Creative is perfect for someone who has limited space but still wants big sound. Featuring top-of-the-line technology, the 2.1 speaker system delivers clear highs and a smooth, full mid-range of sound. It also has a compact 50-watt subwoofer that uses three drivers to provide deep, refined, booming bass. The **GigaWorks T3** takes quality audio enjoyment to a whole new level. Plus it looks cool. Damn cool.

Available at ***US.Creative.com***. Suggested retail price: $249.99.

RADIO TO GO

For those who have yet to get satellite radio, we have to ask, what are you waiting for? Now that Sirius and XM have merged, there are hundreds of reasons you need this service. Thanks to Pioneer, you can take all the talk, commercial-free music and sports with you everywhere. The electronics giant has introduced the **XMp3 Receiver & Home Kit**, a compact tuner and MP3 player that picks up live XM/Sirius programs and lets you record up to 100 hours of them. You can record multiple channels simultaneously, auto-record, pause and replay. Plus, you can load up your favorite MP3s, with a micro-SD card slot allowing for additional storage. Get the **XMp3** and go.

Available at ***XMradio.com***. Suggested retail price: $279.99, plus monthly subscription.

EMERGENCY NOW!

In these tough times you can never be too careful. Prepare for the worst with a pair of new life-saving products from Weather X. The **WF109** lantern/radio is a fully equipped emergency device that doubles as a home or travel lighting solution. It features an ultra-bright 7-LED lantern, built-in AM/FM radio with weather band, onboard flashlight, plus an emergency flasher and siren functions. It runs on two AA batteries with a backup power hand crank for emergency situations. In addition, the compact unit serves as a mobile charger for cell phones and USB devices.

The **WR209** flashlight and AM/FM radio features a seven-channel weather band, mobile phone-charging capabilities and a fold-down handle for portability. It also features a rechargeable battery and easy-to-read alarm clock.

Both are perfect for camping, traveling or the end of the world! Available at ***Weather-X.net***. Suggested retail price: $24.99 for the **WF109** (left); $29.99 for the **WR209**.

HUSTLER WANTS TO PUT YOU IN THE SOUND WITH THIS GIGAWORKS T3 SPEAKER SYSTEM.

For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address and signature on a postcard) and send it to GigaWorks Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

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RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by September 10, 2009. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

YOU WANT THIS

Wanted: Weapons of Fate

WB

PS3, Xbox 360

Based on the hit film, the new ***Wanted*** video game doubles as a sequel. In this continuation of the big-screen adventure you are Wesley Gibson, part of an elite fraternity of assassins with the ability to slow down time and curve your bullets. The game, which was created with the help of the comic book creator and cinematic director, also features the voices of Morgan Freeman and other cast members from the movie. Sadly, there is no Angelina Jolie character. After all, she died at the end of ***Wanted***, but the game introduces a sexy assassin (voiced by Latina lovely Paz Vega) who's sure to replace Lara Croft on *your* wanted list.

OFF THE TOP ROPE

WWE Legends of WrestleMania

THQ

PS3, Xbox 360, Wii

What wrestling fan hasn't wondered what it would be like if classic grapplers squared off against their modern counterparts. Want to see Andre the Giant battle the Rock? How about Hulk Hogan taking on Stone Cold Steve Austin? Now you can! Step into the ring with a roster of 40-plus legends to stage the greatest wrestling matches of all time. Wham! Bam! Body slam!

KILL 'EM ALL

House of the Dead: Overkill

Sega

Wii

Designed exclusively for the Wii, the latest installment of the ***House of the Dead*** really lives up to its name. ***Overkill*** indeed! The body counts are higher, the bloody action is bloodier, and the kills are more intense than ever. Mow down an army of disease-ridden, bloodthirsty zombies in a pulp-style version of the classic survival horror game. They want brains. Give 'em bullets!

IT'S A MAD MAD MAD MAD WORLD

MadWorld

Sega

Wii

With the look and feel inspired by Frank Miller's graphic novel *Sin City*, this futuristic third-person action game is visually stylish and amazing to play. You are a contestant in the sports show *Death Watch*, a cut-throat spectacle devised by a terrorist group known as the Organizers. The losers endure slow, agonizing deaths; the winners get to fight another day. The action is packed with over-the-top violence and visceral play. It's a good day to die.

Bad Deal for the 99% Club

AS LIFE GETS TOUGHER FOR MOST AMERICANS, THE "CHANGE" PRESIDENT SEEMS CONTENT TO PERPETUATE THE ECONOMIC POLICIES OF HIS PREDECESSORS.

Odds are 99 out of 100 you've not significantly benefited from the decade-and-a-half boom in the American economy that directly preceded this recession. And no, that's not a figure of speech; those are the actual odds.

Here are the numbers: The bottom 99% of U.S. taxpayers averaged a modest 1.1% real annual growth in income over the years 1993-2006. The top 1%, on the other hand, saw their incomes grow at a rate more than five times that of us mere mortals. Put another way, 50% of total income growth (from all sources except Social Security and unemployment) was snared by the top 1% of earners over that period.

If your income increases only 1% annually, you are going to have a tough time keeping up with inflation. No wonder so many Americans have long told pollsters they were stressed about their personal economic security even as the national media feverishly touted bubble after bubble: They were not benefiting in real income growth; instead being bought off with easy credit.

These numbers come from a new study by Emmanuel Saez, who recently won the top prize for young economists, the American Economic Association's John Bates Clark Medal. He looked at income data since 1913 and concluded, "The labor market has been creating much more inequality over the last 30 years [than in previous decades], with the very top earners capturing a large fraction of macroeconomic productivity gains.

These Wall Streeters, CEOs, IPO whiz kids and entertainment titans of the "working rich" were the big winners in a long period of expansion that actually benefited most Americans very little, a pattern Saez links to "the retreat of institutions developed during the New Deal and World War II—such as progressive tax policies, powerful unions, corporate provision of health and retirement benefits and changing social norms regarding pay inequality."

Wall Streeters, CEOs, IPO whiz kids and entertainment titans...were the big winners in a long period of expansion that actually benefited most Americans very little.

Not accepting the false dichotomy of capitalism versus socialism, Saez sanely notes, "We need to decide as a society whether this increase in income inequality is efficient and acceptable and, if not, what mix of institutional reforms should be developed to counter it."

Needless to say, you won't find anybody in the Obama Administration who is thinking along these lines, which is a great shame for the Democrats. Instead we have two of the great hustlers of their age perched on either shoulder of a "change" President who seems way too enamored with the status quo.

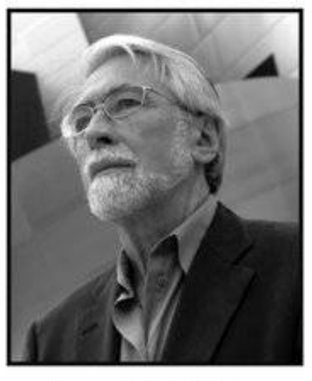
Now I know that the conventional wisdom among Democrats is that the Clintonistas were wildly successful in running the economy when they had their turn, and that Robert Rubin and his protégés Lawrence Summers and Timothy Geithner—Obama's top two economic advisers—deserve a lot of the credit. But that view is dead wrong. The seeds of the current economic chaos were planted in those years during which Wall Street lobbyists were given everything they wanted in the way of radical deregulation. Hence was born the madcap world of credit swaps and other unregulated derivatives.

While real income growth for the bottom 99-percenters was a solid-if-unspectacular 2.4% annually under Clinton (and five times that for the top percentile), the surge was largely based on speculation and loose credit; a lucky few were carried high into the economic stratosphere through stocks and real estate, while the great unwashed watched the number of "good jobs" continue to shrink.

To add salt to the wounds of those left out of the bubble, the Clinton Administration summarily ended the federal poverty program in the name of a so-called welfare reform that "devolved" programs for the poor to the tender mercy of the states. The meanness derby between the cash-strapped states has continued since, and the poor—a category that includes a growing number of folks who only recently were judged "middle class"—have been steadily abandoned.

To be fair, things were even more skewed under Bush, but can Democrats really take solace in such weak praise? After the slump of '90-'92, real income growth from 2002-2006 was less than 1% on average for 99 percent of us, while the top 1% enjoyed a spectacular 11% annual income growth. Mad money, indeed.

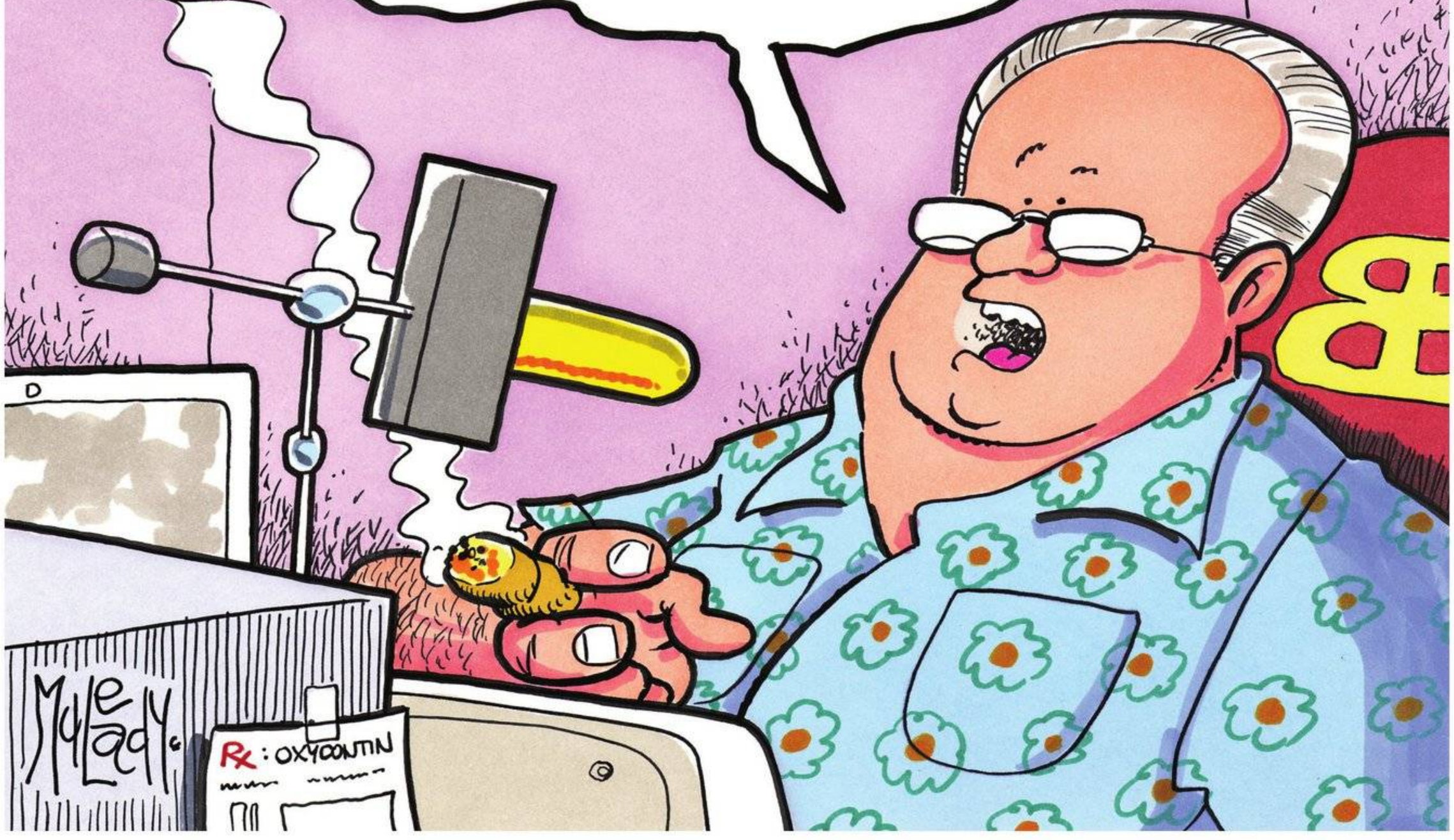
Now the tide has receded, and taxpayers are footing the bill through the outrageous—and outrageously similar—bailout plans of Bush and Obama. What is involved here is an extreme case of a government-condoned "moral hazard": offering outrageous compensation to the superrich for screwing up royally. Where is the Obama who was going to fight for the rest of us? E-mail him and ask.



Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America.*

THE VOICE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY SPEAKS

I'm thrice married and divorced, and if I don't find some bitch stupid enough to be wife number four real soon, I'll have to refill my Viagra prescription and head to Puerto Rico to fuck little boys!



In Which Obama Do You Believe?

GEORGE W. BUSH HAS EXITED THE WHITE HOUSE, BUT IS HIS SUCCESSOR LISTENING TO DICK CHENEY?

The day after taking office, Barack Obama ordered all of his executive agencies to assure "transparency and open government." He even quoted Justice Louis Brandeis's famous "Sunlight is said to be the best disinfectant." However, less than two months later, the *Wall Street Journal*—an enthusiastic editorial page supporter of the Bush-Cheney regime's sweeping dismissal of the Constitution's separation of powers—congratulated the new President in its March 6, 2009, lead editorial: "Obama Channels Cheney."

Obama's Justice Department had just invoked Bush's frequent weapon, "state secrets," to shut down court cases that could have revealed George W. Bush's contempt for the rule of law. The Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals was commanded by Obama to revoke its decision to grant defense counsel access to classified information (in *Al-Haramain Islamic Foundation* v. *Bush*) that would have finally disclosed to all of us the still-festering core of Bush's lawless wiretapping of Americans.

"That's about as pure an assertion of Presidential power as they come," exulted the *Journal* editorial, adding, "We are learning again that the 'Imperial Presidency' is only imperial when the President is a Republican." Obama had told the Ninth Circuit to get lost.

Throughout American history the evidence is clear that each new President, regardless of political party, is very reluctant to give back any new unilateral powers his predecessors had grabbed. Obama is lustily no exception.

His attorney general, Eric Holder, had already wielded the "state secrets" gag order in another Ninth Circuit case brought by victims of the CIA's "renditions"—kidnapping terrorism suspects to be interrogated in other countries (*Mohamed* v. *Jeppesen Dataplan, Inc.*). The lead plaintiff, Binyam Mohamed—whose torture in Afghanistan, Morocco and Guantanamo included repeated cutting into his penis—had finally been cleared of all charges by the United States and returned to London. He and the other victims were suing, for damages, the Boeing Aircraft division that had provided the CIA with "rendition" planes and logistics. Judges at the Ninth Circuit expressed surprise that "the change in administration" in Washington was no change at all.

Ben Wizner, Mohamed's ACLU attorney, decried the Obama "state secrets" bludgeon: "We've arrived at 2009 without a single torture victim having had his day in court. Victims themselves are trying to hold their perpetrator accountable—not to be jailed but to get compensation—and all of those cases have been dismissed" by George W. Bush and now Barack Obama.

"We are learning again that the 'Imperial Presidency' is only imperial when the President is a Republican."

Our "change" President has been applauded, however, for moving to close down the Guantanamo penal colony. Meanwhile, his administration has been sending suspected terrorists to the notorious CIA-operated prison at Bagram Air Base in Afghanistan, whose clandestine activities were first disclosed by the *Washington Post*'s Dana Priest in December 2002.

As I wrote in my book *The War on the Bill of Rights and the Gathering Resistance*, Priest quoted a Bush Administration official who knew what was secretly going on at Bagram: "If we're not there in the room, who's to say [it's torture]?"

And now, as Obama intends to be more fully engaged militarily in Afghanistan, the 600 inmates at Bagram will be moved to a larger prison to accommodate the additional suspects without the slightest judicial due process. And the administration has brusquely told Judge John Bates of the U.S. District Court in Washington that none of the Bagram prisoners have any Constitutional rights, can be held indefinitely and cannot challenge in a U.S. court their imprisonment, let alone the often-brutal conditions of confinement. Judge Bates disagreed.

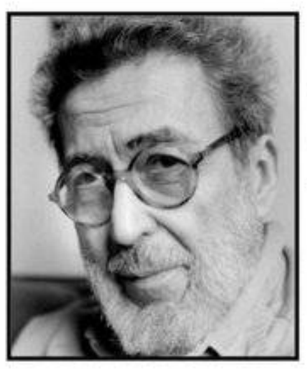
According to the *Weekly Standard*, a surprised Judge Bates said he'd thought that President Obama had "indicated significant changes to the government's approach to the 'detention' of terrorism suspects." The delighted *Wall Street Journal* editorial lauding the Bush-influenced Obama wondered archly "if the White House has put David Addington, Mr. Cheney's chief legal aide, on retainer."

Indicating more absence of sunlight in the years ahead, this President, just like George W. Bush, is adding "signing statements" to bills he has signed into law, but sections of which he will not enforce. Dig what he did to a law granting protections to government whistleblowers who give Congress incriminating information about government crimes: "I do not interpret this opinion," Obama wrote, "to detract from my authority to direct the heads of executive departments to supervise, control and correct employees' communications with the Congress in cases where such communications would be unlawful or would reveal information that is properly privileged or otherwise confidential."

No one would be surprised to see the signature of George W. Bush on that intimidating, chilling signing statement. But which Obama is that signature's?

For those of us who would like to see the return of the Constitution, unmanacled, the deeper question—as during the eight years of Bush and Cheney—is how many Americans give a damn about a warning that the father of the Constitution, James Madison, issued to future generations of Americans: "The accumulation of all powers—legislative, executive and judiciary—in the same hands—whether of one, a few or many…may justly be pronounced the very definition of tyranny."

Do you remember that, former Constitutional law professor Barack Obama?



Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*

WELL, SOLDIER, YOU'LL BE DISCHARGED SOON! WHAT DID YOU DO IN CIVILIAN LIFE?!

I WAS A MASSAGE THERAPIST, SIR.

J. BINGHAM

Not So Wonderful World

IN AN AGE OF FILE SHARING, HOW VALID ARE TODAY'S COPYRIGHT LAWS?

Someone gives you a copy of a favorite song, and you copy it to your iPod. Innocent enough on the face of it, but you've both just committed a serious crime. It's punishable by three years in jail or a fine of $250,000. Jail time? A massive fine? For copying one stupid song? Yes! If the law wants to make an example of you. But is it fair?

As someone who writes, I'd like to think what I create (this column, for example) is protected. If you appropriate it without paying me, you are robbing my intellectual property. But as a radio personality I get a paycheck each week, regardless. How about the singer or songwriter who lives on residuals? By illegally downloading their work, you are depriving them of their livelihood.

On the other hand, let's say you already own the work in question, but your only copy is halfway across the country. Is it stealing to obtain a copy of something you already own? How about downloading a copy of a TV show (with commercials intact) that you've already watched? Should you be able to copy that?

These are good ethical questions.

The first U.S. copyright act was passed in 1790. It established a protective term of 14 years, with a 14-year renewal, after which the property went into the public domain, meaning there was no longer any ownership. In 1909 the original term and renewal period were both increased to 28 years. Finally, in 1976, copyright protection was lengthened to 75 years or the life of the author plus 50 years. And for the first time, unpublished works were extended coverage.

But it didn't end there. "The Sonny Bono Copyright Term Extension Act" expanded the ownership period to 120 years (95 after publication) or the author's life plus 70 years. I guess we'll have to wait a while longer before we can steal "I Got You Babe."

Let's dispel a big myth! There is no such thing as the "poor man's copyright." That's when you mail (in a sealed envelope) your original work to yourself so it has a postmark. It is never to be opened except under legal observation. Unfortunately, the only thing that really holds up in court is an official record at the United States Copyright Office. This copyright will be recognized worldwide by what's known as the Berne Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. However, *recognized* does not necessarily mean *honored*. We all know about those pirate DVDs flooding the market from China.

If a work isn't copyrighted or isn't renewed on time, it lapses into the public domain. Ever see those $5 DVDs that feature five movies? Wonder how they can afford to do that? It's probably because the films are in the public domain. Usually the prints are of minimal quality from constant copying. On the other hand, that print may be the best one available because the creator of the work abandoned it years ago.

Then there is *It's a Wonderful Life*. How did this movie become a Christmastime staple? It certainly isn't the best classic holiday motion picture. Most people like *A Christmas Story* better. Released in 1946, *It's a Wonderful Life* fell into the public domain when the producers failed to renew the film's copyright 28 years later. That's why almost every TV station in America played it over and over again with prints of varying quality.

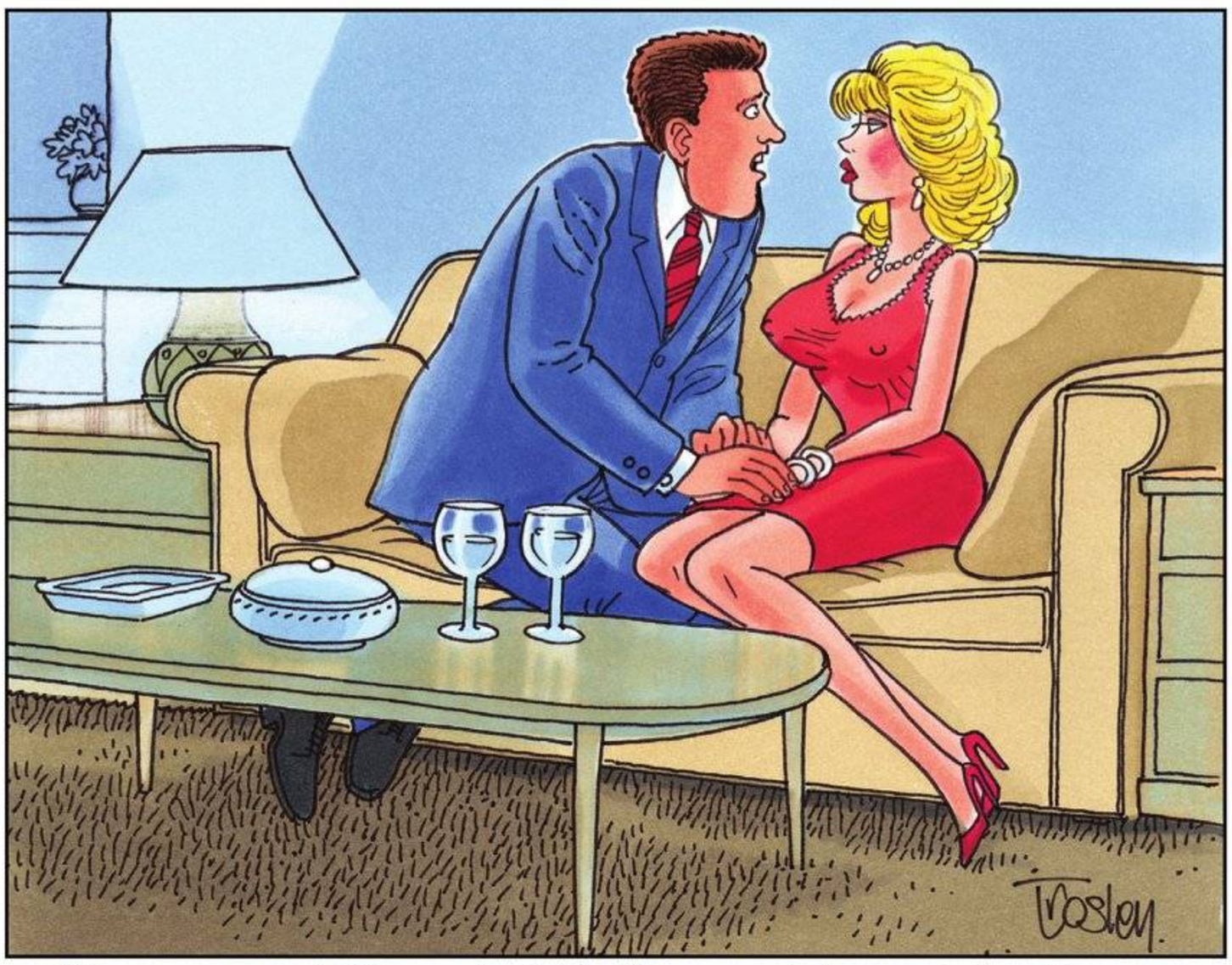
However, in 1990 the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that if an original work from which a film was derived was still in copyright, then that copyright carried over to the film itself. Republic Pictures immediately claimed *It's a Wonderful Life* because it still owned the copyright to the short story that inspired the movie. That's why it's aired only once at Christmas these days.

Recently Paramount Pictures went after *Star Trek* fan sites for infringement. This is, on the face of it, pretty shitty. It's that very fan base that has kept the franchise alive. But here's something else you should know: Someone at Paramount forgot to copyright the first 19 episodes of the original series. They were, for all practical purposes, in the public domain. It wasn't until a few years ago that Paramount lawyers found a loophole: The music was in copyright. Since the show was no good without the music, public domain use came to a screeching halt.

To catch people who steal, the Recording Industry Association of America recently asked Internet service providers to summarily dump customers who appear to be downloading music. The owner of a Louisiana ISP said he'd comply, but for a large fee. Basically he was saying "shove it." Other companies haven't been so brave.

What is the best and surest way to stop the theft of intellectual property? Don't charge so fuckin' much, especially in times like these. Then maybe consumers wouldn't mind buying a legal copy!

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting at age 14, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home.



"Marry me and I'll go straight. No more lying and cheating...no more crime...I promise...I'll totally quit politics!"

"Honestly, there's only one good buy left...Bulyah!"

Meth-head vs. Machine Gun

OLD-FASHIONED JUSTICE IN AMERICA'S HEARTLAND.

My brother Mark owns a mind-boggling four square miles of land in the middle of America. With so much space and so few eyes to keep an eye on all his stuff, meth-heads had taken to pilfering his belongings. They would steal tools one day, a John Deere tractor the next, then sell it for pennies on the dollar to keep their habit alive.

One day my brother and I arrived at his Missouri home, where unwelcome visitors were inside. As we sat in his Dodge Viper, I could see them racing past the windows, desperately looking for loot and apparently unaware that we were watching them. Their pathetic lives were about to take a turn for the worse. My heart sounded like those fabled biblical trumpets of Jericho. "Let's just go," I pleaded to Mark. "Your stuff isn't worth your life."

My brother stepped out of the car like Yul Brynner in *Westworld* and was just as robot-calm as he grabbed his AK-47 and removed its lock. "Not here, not now, little brother," Mark said coldly. "Time to send some demons back to hell."

Awww, shit! I thought to myself. *It's on.* Words on paper cannot describe my fear. In hindsight, after the fact, sure, I'm Bobby Badass, the bravest of all. However, my reality at that moment was closer to Don Knotts in *The Ghost and Mr. Chicken.* I followed close behind Mark as we walked through the kicked-in front door.

"Mark, come on," I pleaded in a whisper. "Let's go."

What just happened?! It looked as though a butcher had splattered raw meat and innards all over the intruder's legs.

Too late. One meth-head came around the corner, howling like a banshee, his hand raised in a fist with a carving knife inside. *Pop! Pop! Pop!* He collapsed into a pool of his own fluids. What just happened?! It looked as though a butcher had splattered raw meat and innards all over the intruder's legs.

The three gunshots in the foyer had left my ears ringing, eyes burning, nerves shredded. I saw my brother mouthing something. *What is he saying?!* I wondered. "Stay here! Stay here! Stay here!" Mark insisted, as if his volume were being slowly turned up over a loud, high-pitched tone. He stepped on the thug's wrist, and his hand opened, releasing the knife clutched inside. My brother kicked it toward me. The knife slid through the man's blood and stopped at my feet.

"I just killed your friend," Mark screamed to the unseen horde, "and you all are next if you don't show yourselves right now!" Like roaches emerging from the darkness, the lowlifes crawled out from under beds, from within closets, from behind curtains—eight revealed in total, all ready to cooperate. Mark spotted their leader and slammed the back end of his AK-47 across the guy's face. A misting of blood shot through the air. I heard teeth sprinkling across the hardwood floor. My brother then calmly flicked a tooth from the weapon's rubberized butt plate as if he were flicking black lint off a white sport coat. "This ends here," Mark sneered. "Now! I've driven past your trailers. I know where you cook your drugs. If any of you comes back, if anybody messes with me, if any one of you so much as touches my morning newspaper, I'll burn you all alive in those shit boxes you call homes. Got it?!"

The meth-heads left, dragging their sidekick out the front door, leaving two thick slug-trails of crimson. The man was alive, but his legs were shot up. He moaned a bit, but I think he had self-medicated earlier and wasn't entirely aware of the storm cloud of agony on his horizon.

"Meth-head vs. machine gun?" joked my brother. "I win."

The incident never made the papers. Why would it? And nobody ever filed a police report. Who'd file it? The trespassers? My brother? It just doesn't happen that way out in the middle of nowhere. You take care of things yourself.

Weeks later, the leader of the meth-heads approached Mark and thanked him for sparing his life. His hair was short by then, teeth fixed, and he had just taken a job selling cell phones at a mall in Independence, Missouri.

"God, guns and guts, brother," Mark likes to say to me. "You can't be a wimp your whole life! I'd rather be a dead lion than a live chicken." I love that guy.

Broadcast in more than two dozen markets on the Free Speech Radio Network, Chicago-based Mancow Muller is the controversial talk jock who has tangled with FCC censors more often than Britney Spears has flashed her cooze. Mancow describes himself as a conservative, Bible-thumping libertarian who curses.

The Wrong Stuff

Your interview with Lawrence Velvel [June '09] about prosecuting George W. Bush and his fellow torturing war criminals was encouraging. Yes, it can and should be done. Nat Hentoff's column in the same issue sounded a similar "let's bring them to justice" tone.

But lo and behold, at the same time the magazine is on newsstands, Obama starts kissing the CIA's ass, telling them they're doing a helluva job and nobody plans to prosecute anyone. What the fuck?! Doesn't this guy get it? We put Obama in there to do the right thing! Apparently, he's too busy experimenting with his wrong-headed Obamanomics and posing for fluff pics with his designer dog to be bothered with justice.

Next we find out that Congresswoman Jane Harman, another Democrat, was trading favors with Israeli spies. [*Editor's Note: Harman denies these allegations.*] It's time to face it: Republicans and Democrats are all part of the same scam. They scramble to cover each other's asses when they should be engaging in real and effective opposition.

Americans will never get change from politicians. The only way to create change in this country is by breaking a dollar—or a few high-level heads. Does that make me a dangerous rabble-rouser? So be it. Justice is sometimes a rough business.

—L.J.
Dubuque, Iowa

Gunnin' for Palin

Why does your magazine insist on mocking Sarah Palin? The woman does not deserve this. She ran for the second-highest office in the land and deserves some respect. Your magazine continually mocks the Right. However, it's the Left that will try to take away your freedom of speech and our right to protect ourselves and bear arms. Wake up!

—Patricia Juhrend
High Point, North Carolina

Too Busy Dying

Thanks to Larry Flynt for his wonderful editorial in the June '09 issue, "What I Think About Born-Again Christians." I agree 100%! In essence, so-called born-again Christians are against what our country is supposed to be about: free speech for everyone, not just conservatives and religious right-wingers.

Those people are stuck in their narrow-minded world all the time. I laugh in amazement at their fear of sex. Born again? No, they're just preparing to die, thinking they'll go to heaven. I believe that God put us on this Earth to enjoy our lives, do good and be happy.

—Dennis Comstock
Muskegon, Michigan

Lucky Stiff

When do I get my chance to bang Brooke Taylor?! You guys *have* to do another contest like that [*Tails of the BunnyRanch*, May '09]. There are so many of us guys out here who need that kind of chance. Maybe you could do a win-a-date for some of the returning soldiers. I'm sure those dudes could use a good lay to lift their spirits. That lucky bastard [reader Sean Topham] lived my dream. Keep up the good work.

—Dave S.
Killeen, Texas

It Ain't Charmin

I've always liked HUSTLER, especially when Jerry Falwell wanted to tear into Larry's ass. But now I feel like I'm getting cornholed when I buy the magazine. All this shit about rock stars and celebrities is about as sickening as you can get.

As for the phone sex ads, there was a time when I could read those and get excited. Now I get a bigger thrill blowing ten bucks at the local store. Don't get me wrong, the girls are pretty. I still like the lesbian layouts and girls with dildos, but when it comes to the boy/girl stuff, I get more excited looking at my own face in the mirror when I'm shaving.

Self-proclaimed sex addict Lexi Belle's natural looks make her a ringer for one reader's girl-next-door.

Maybe I'm getting old and worn out. I don't want to be a shitass, but I feel as though you're more interested in your megalomaniacal HUSTLER clubs and casinos these days—and you've left us to wipe our asses with rough toilet paper.

—Steve Bell
Hutchinson, Kansas

Glory Days

Thank you for all your articles featuring '80s musicians. I saw Twisted Sister all over the Tri-State area [New York, New Jersey, Connecticut] in the '80s and even dated one of them. It was great to see them in your magazine.

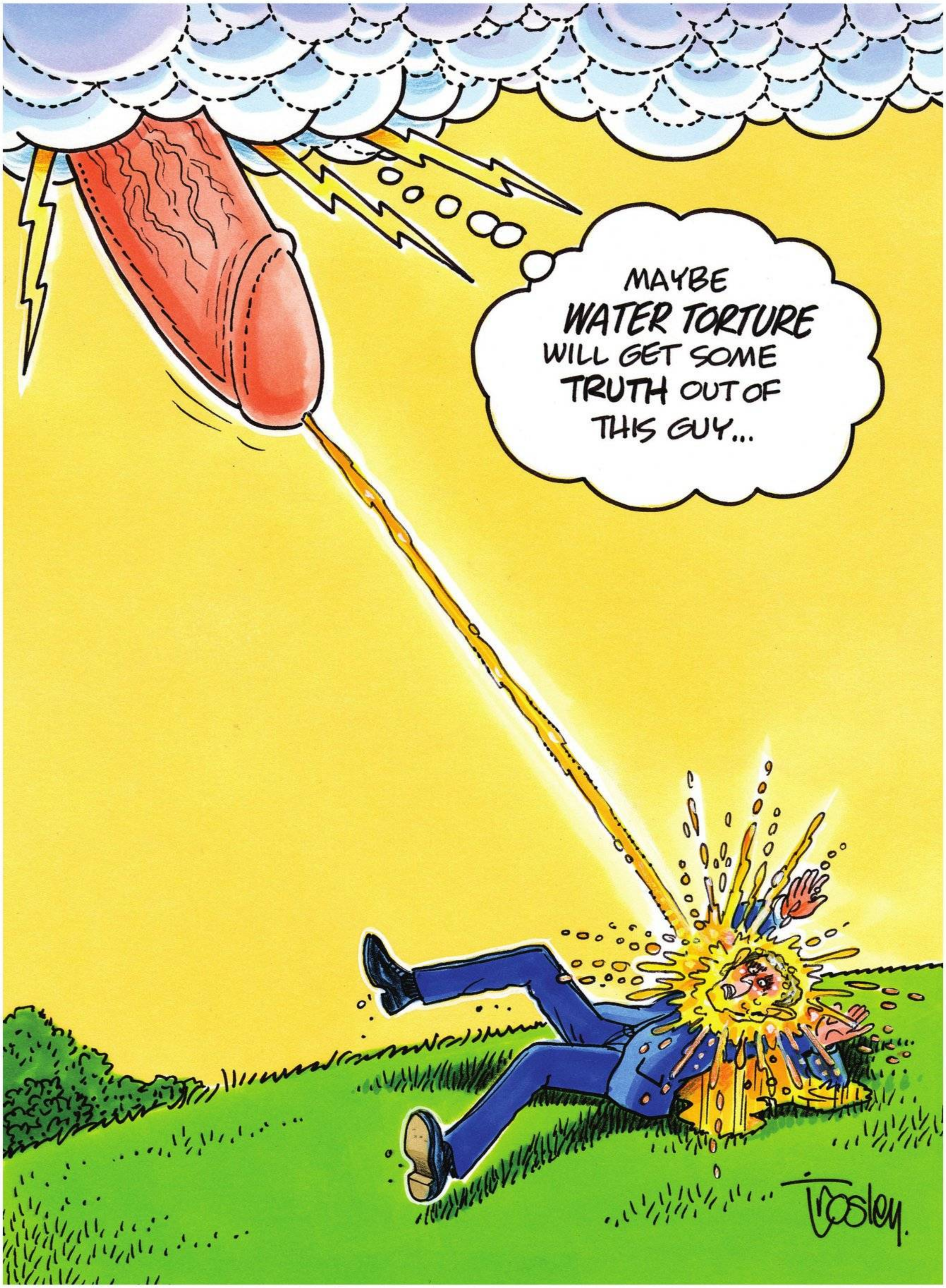
It was also cool to see Ratt frontman Stephen Pearcy do an interview [April '09]. I've seen him in concert many times. Love him! Thanks again from a pioneer of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll in the '80s.

—Debby Losurdo
Daytona Beach, Florida

Next-Door Belle

I swear, Lexi Belle looks exactly like my neighbor—the one who gives me the obligatory neighborly smile but otherwise avoids me. So thanks for indulging my impossible fantasy with your Lexi layout [*Dirty Blonde*, June '09]. And if you think I'm creepy for drooling over my next-door neighbor, you're right. But at least I'm honest. **—V.K.**
Sherman Oaks, California

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.


MAYBE
WATER TORTURE
WILL GET SOME
TRUTH OUT OF
THIS GUY...
Trosley.

Rep. Jane Harman

Representative Jane Harman (D-California) should admit she's a whore and take a job at the Moonlite BunnyRanch. Of course, we expect she'd only give blowjobs to Israelis and Alberto Gonzales. And, okay, maybe a few Republicans.

Think we're being unfair? Then what do you make of this? In a 2005 wiretap, Harman was heard allegedly promising to use her influence to reduce espionage-related charges against two Israeli agents, provided the American Israeli Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC) lobbied to get her appointed chair of the House Intelligence Committee.

Well, what was a poor girl to do? (Although estimated to be the second-richest member of Congress, Harman is, alas, morally bankrupt.) Speaker Nancy Pelosi had already passed her over for the Intelligence Committee post. So who wouldn't contemplate treason to secure that position? (It sure looks like treason to us. Based on the tape, Harman was allegedly conspiring with a foreign government to subvert our justice system.)

Why is all this only coming out now? Back in 2006, then-Attorney General Alberto Gonzales apparently ordered the FBI to kill the investigation because he needed Harman's support for the illegal, warrantless National Security Agency surveillance program being pushed through Congress. Delicious irony, no? Harman ultimately backed the kind of activity that resulted in her undoing.

But it gets better. Harman went ballistic when she learned her own phone had been tapped, calling it "an abuse of power." Confused? Let us explain: Wiretapping is only wrong when *she's* under surveillance. Seems very Republican, doesn't it?

"[I'm] the best Republican in the Democratic Party," Harman proclaimed during her failed 1998 race for California governor. We'll take the lawmaker at her word. She voted with the GOP to restrict rules on personal bankruptcy (a knife aimed at the heart of the middle class). She supported the Iraq War. She sponsored the Violent Radicalization and Homegrown Terrorism Prevention Act of 2007, which imposed unconstitutional limitations on free speech. As head of the House Homeland Security Subcommittee on Intelligence, Information Sharing and Terrorism Risk Assessment, Harman must have known about clandestine activities, including torture. Worse, in 2004 she apparently tried pressuring the *New York Times* into deep-sixing the story that exposed the NSA's warrantless wiretapping.

"I believe the program is essential to U.S. national security," she said back then, "and that its disclosure has damaged critical intelligence capabilities." Harman went on to call whistleblowers "despicable" and argued for "limits on press immunity."

Harman, you pathetic bitch. If it's abuse of power when the government spies on you, then it's abuse of power when the rest of us are spied on. Of course, in your case, you actually do seem to be committing an indictable offense. On the other hand, most Americans subjected to illegal surveillance hadn't committed a criminal act.

Then there's the press. You've argued it has too much immunity when it exposes the truth. But full immunity for the telecommunications companies that cooperated with the government's illegal snooping on their customers is perfectly okay, right? You did vote to grant them retroactive immunity. So you're against an unfettered press and for a repressive, Stalinist government that spies on its own people—as long as it isn't you.

We should also note that Harman's attempt to suppress the story of the Bush Administration's illegal wiretapping just before the hotly contested 2004 Presidential election was certain to benefit the incumbents, not her own party. She betrayed both her fellow Democrats and her country with that single act alone.

Hopefully, the government will prosecute Harman (who has denied any wrongdoing regarding her tape-recorded conversation) and put her in jail. If not, she's likely to run for governor of California again unless Barbara Boxer or Dianne Feinstein beats her to the punch. But this egomaniacal little cocksucker won't be satisfied with the governorship. In truth, we've heard she actually has her eye on the Presidency.

Apparently, one of Harman's chief supporters is pro-Israeli billionaire Haim Saban. A Democratic Party benefactor, Saban was allegedly working with AIPAC when he threatened to withhold political funding to Pelosi if she didn't nominate Harman for the Intelligence Committee chair. Should Harman ever become President, she'd owe her allegiance to the Israeli lobby. God help us.

FARTS IN THE WIND

•**Timothy Geithner**, Secretary of the Treasury, continues the failed policies of George W. Bush by throwing money at Wall Street bankers who mock us with their arrogance. Astronomical salaries still prevail, as do outrageous bonuses. But the most clear-cut indicator of their contempt is the millions of taxpayer bailout dollars they've spent to bankroll lobbyists in their fight against stiffer financial regulations. Obama should fire Geithner. Hell, he never should have hired the former head of the New York Federal Reserve Bank and a known champion of Milton Friedman economics.

•**Glenn Beck**, the reactionary, loudmouth Fox News commentator, thrives on fearmongering and hate. Totally irresponsible, Beck has actually fanned the flames of violence with a series of brash pronouncements: "The Manchurian Candidate couldn't destroy us faster than Barack Obama. … Drive a stake through the heart of the bloodsuckers [Obama and Democrats]. … The government is a heroin pusher using smiley-faced fascism to grow the nanny state. … President Obama, why don't you just set us on fire? We didn't vote to lose the republic. … They're marching us to a brand of nonviolent fascism...towards 1984." Beck talks nonsense, but considering how many crazy people with guns might actually believe this lying sack of shit, it's dangerous nonsense.

Thank you, Bree, may I have another?

Mika

Asstastic view

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

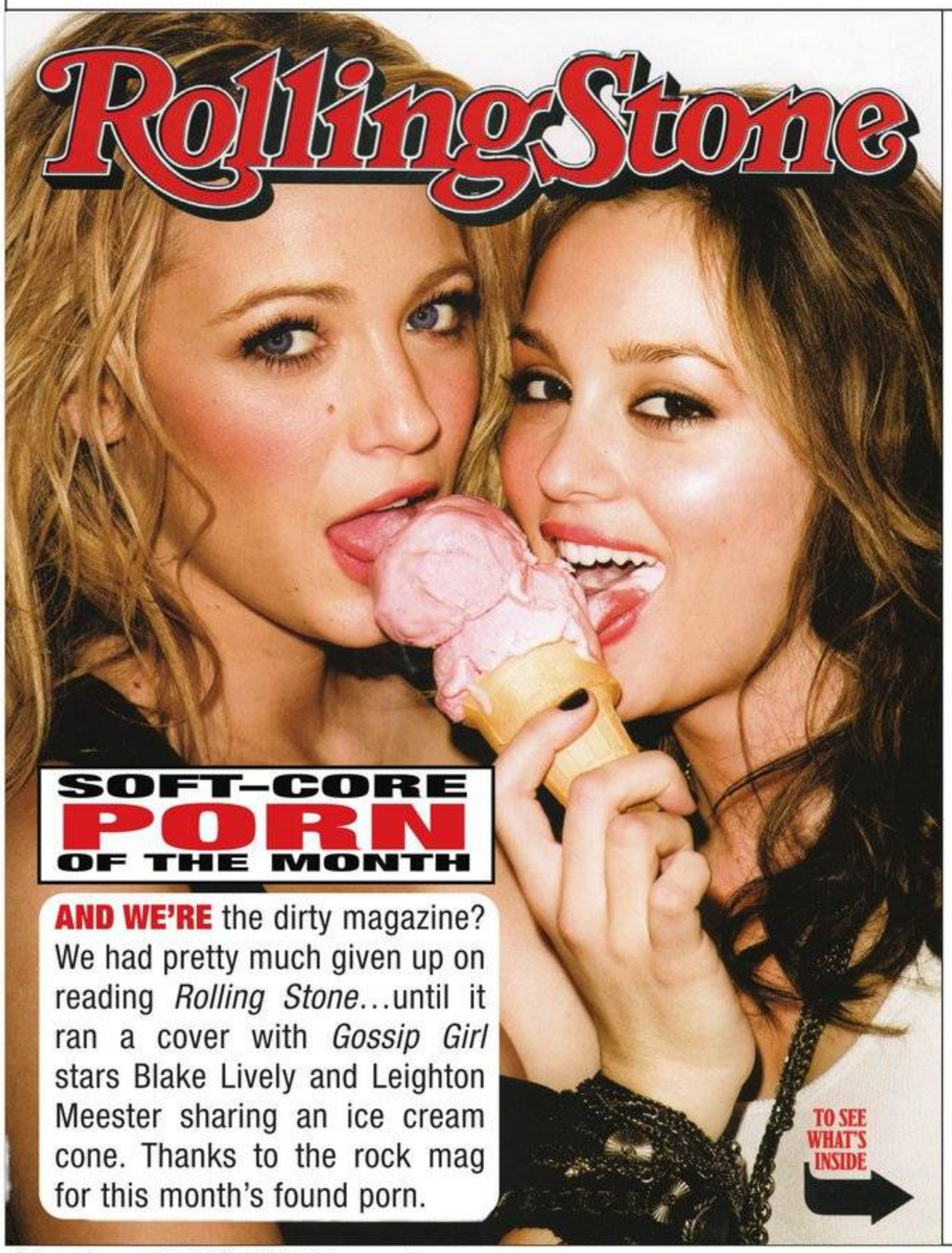
O, WHAT A PARTY!

Asses were whacked. Drinks were downed. A good time was had by all. We are talking about the spanktacular bash celebrating the release of *Surrender of O*. Flocking to the Boardner's club in Hollywood for the bare-bottomed excitement were Nina Hartley, Mika Tan, Ava Rose, Bree Olson, Claire Adams, Bobbi Star and the kinky DVD's director, Ernest Greene. We can say with near certainty that everyone tied one on.

Nina, Bree & Ernest

PHOTO BY BIG MIKE

Claire, Ava, Bobbi, Bree



AND WE'RE the dirty magazine? We had pretty much given up on reading *Rolling Stone*...until it ran a cover with *Gossip Girl* stars Blake Lively and Leighton Meester sharing an ice cream cone. Thanks to the rock mag for this month's found porn.

MMM, MMM, BAD

OH, SURE, there's a rooster on the package, but the stuff tastes like dick. So we've heard. Cross Jamaica off our travel list if this is their idea of good food.

"Bigamy is having one wife too many. Monogamy is the same." —OSCAR WILDE, AUTHOR

CELEBRITY FANTASY

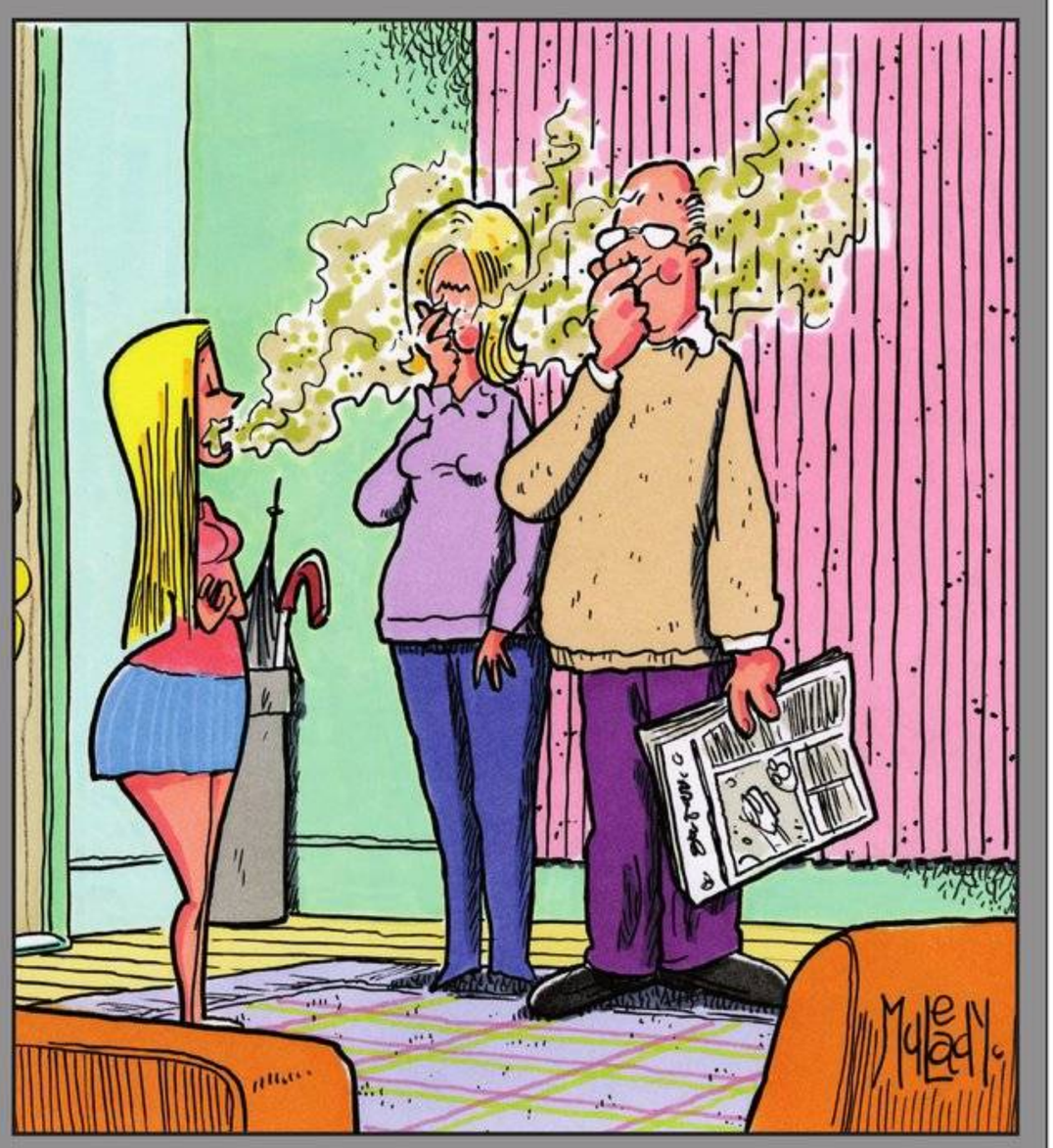
WHAT WOULD *Holly Madison* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

WE HAVE always wanted to see Hugh Hefner's former girlfriend with a dick in her mouth. We assume it's something Hef also wanted to see.

DISCLAIMER. Parody; no such picture of Holly Madison actually exists. Does it, Hef? This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

"Getting married for sex is like buying a 747 for the free peanuts." —JEFF FOXWORTHY, COMIC

"MOST TASTELESS" CARTOON



"No, I did not step in dogshit. I just gave Eddie a 'goodnight Dirty Sanchez' on the porch."

NEWS BABES

OLGA OSPINA is the very definition of a News Babe. The stunning blonde with the perfect lips could have been anything she wanted. Why Olga chose to work for Rupert Murdoch at Monterey, California's KCBA FOX Channel 35 over starring in hard-core films is beyond us. Thanks to J.W. of Santa Cruz, California, for an awesome submission.

To nominate a local or network news personality, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER News Babes, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

NEWSBITES

Orgy Oddball

What should you bring to a sex party at a nudist resort? Right, nothing! Everybody knows that except one jackass who refused to strip down during a raunchy bash at the White Cockatoo Resort in Australia. A quartet of naked ladies protested his unwillingness to disrobe, setting off a mini-riot. Wait…this Aussie dude had four nude women fighting over him to take off his clothes? We retract the earlier jackass comment.

Emergency Beverage

When should you call 911? When you run out of your heart medicine? Yes. When a fast-food joint doesn't offer your favorite tangy beverage? No! Nevertheless, a Florida senior citizen called 911 after he ordered a combo meal at a Burger King and found out that lemonade wasn't on the menu. The dissatisfied customer was charged with wasting the police's time, and a future court date has been set to decide the proper punishment. We have a suggestion: a big cup of the bubbly in the below story.

Holy Cow!

Looking to give Coke and Pepsi a run for their money, a beverage company in India has created a new soft drink derived from cow urine. Cow urine?! The company claims that the fizzy beverage doesn't taste or smell like piss and that it is good for mankind. We know that folks in India worship cows, but even though we worship Angelina Jolie, there's no way we're drinking her pee. Well…..

Shitty Lawyer

Look, we hate lawyers just as much as the next guy, but even they don't deserve to get a faceful of shit. That is exactly what happened to a San Diego attorney defending a man accused of home-invasion robbery. Angry at the way his trial was proceeding, the defendant pulled out a plastic bag of his own crap, smeared some on his legal rep's face and hair and then flung the remaining poop at the jurors. It's rumored that the lawyer stormed out of the courtroom exclaiming, "I do not need this shit!"

PORN FROM THE PAST

THANKS TO J.S. of Rutland, Vermont, for this entry. Make that rear entry!

Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

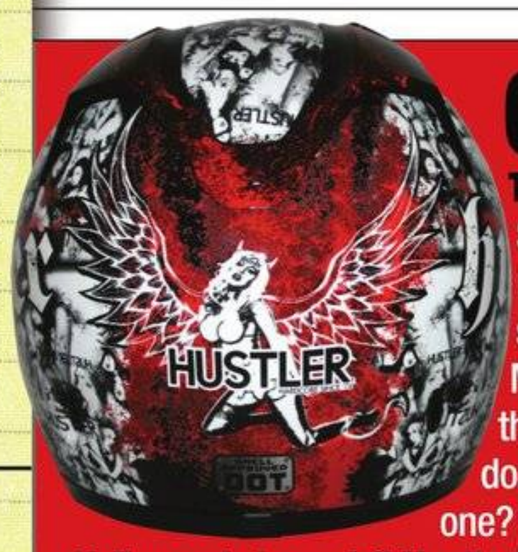
Sign of the Times

S&M FLEA Market—the perfect place to pick up your discount whips, chains and slightly used butt plugs. Thanks to C.K.J. of Leesburg, Florida, for this entry.

Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

"The prettiest dresses are worn to be taken off." —JEAN COCTEAU, POET

GREAT HEAD



THE HUSTLER Hardcore Collage Street Helmet sold out of most stores the minute it went on the shelf. You can see why. Manufactured by Rockhard Helmets, the stylish head protector features dozens of hot HUSTLER Honeys. Want one? Well, head over to your local HUSTLER Hollywood store, visit **HustlerHollywood.com**, or try to win one.

Get Head! Win the HUSTLER Hardcore Collage Street Helmet.

For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address and signature on a postcard) and send it to HUSTLER Helmet Head c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to *Hustler@LFP.com*.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

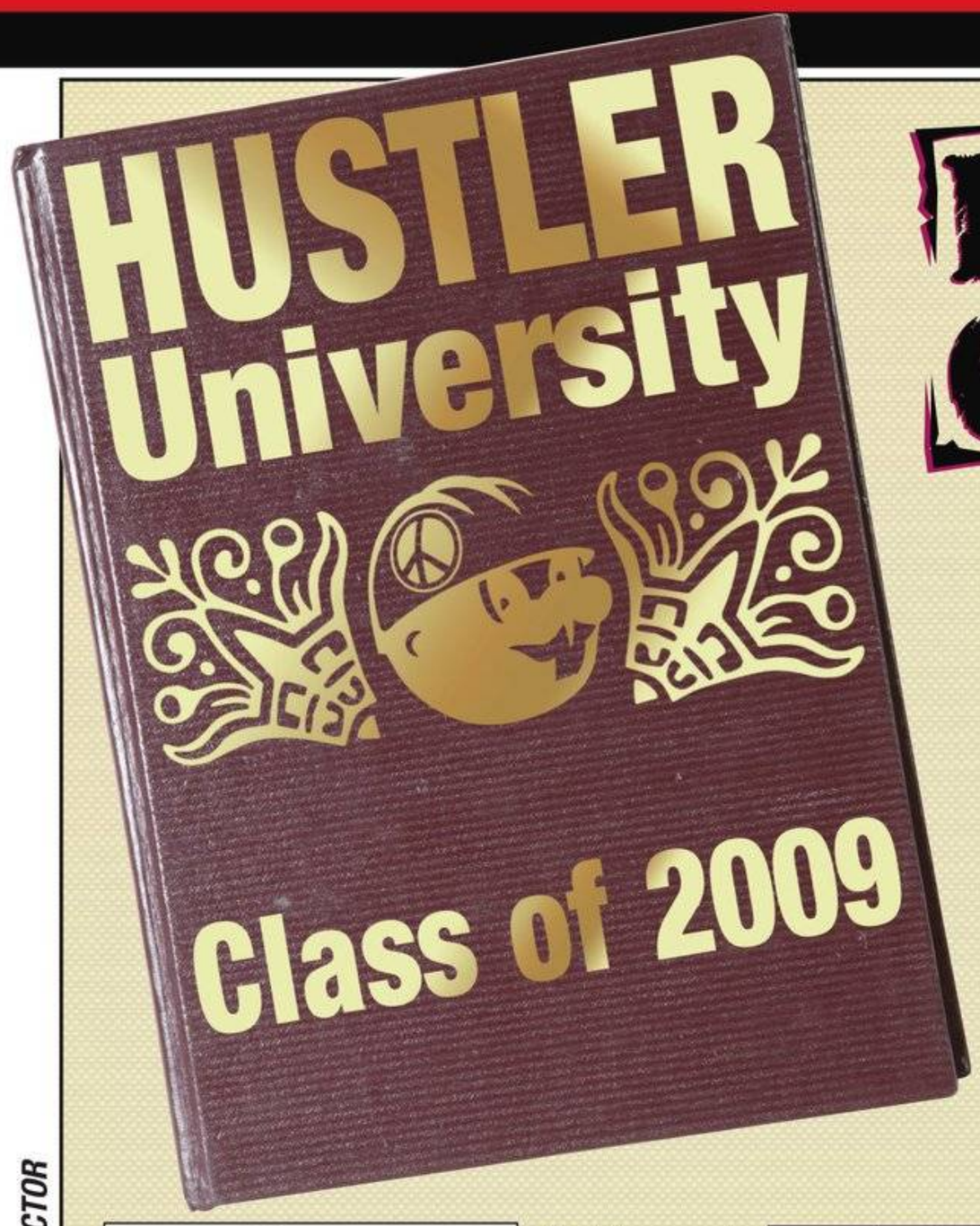
City _____

State _____ ZIP Code _____

E-mail Address _____

What kind of bike do you ride? _____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by **September 10, 2009**. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.



BACK TO COLLEGE

Courtney Jones: Most Likely to Suck-Seed.

Likes: Anyone who is nice to me.

Dislikes: My stepdad.

Scotty "Stretch" Johnson: Kegmaster General.

Likes: Girls who don't report rape.

Dislikes: Pledge wimps who die during hazing.

Britney Bright: Head Cheerleader.

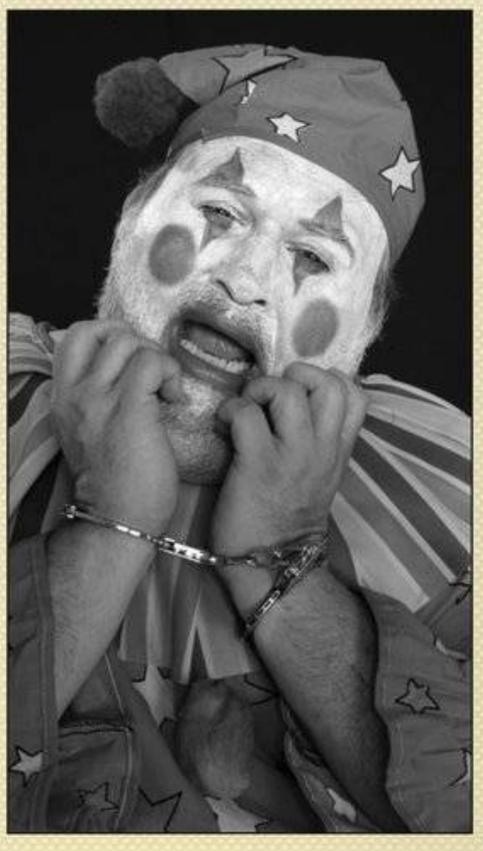
Likes: Being the center of attention and Valtrex.

Dislikes: Math—"It's so hard!"

Sajeeb Mohamazon: Most Likely to Jihad.

Likes: Allah.

Dislikes: You.



Earl Bush: Class Clown.

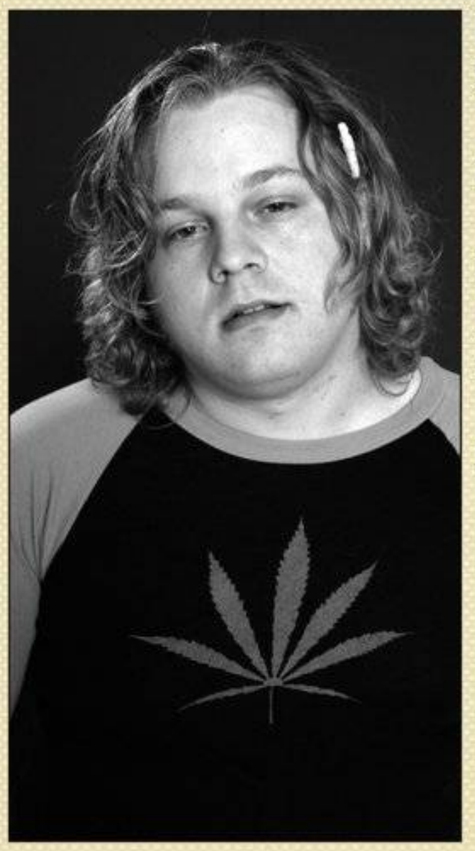
Likes: The Internet and young boys.

Dislikes: Nosy campus cops.

Isabel Breckstine: Prone to Panic.

Likes: Puppies and sunshine.

Dislikes: Being shot in the face during last campus massacre.



Bud Stoner: Major: Undecided.

Minor: Undecided.

Likes: The high life; all-natural crops.

Dislikes: Narcs.

"I believe that sex is one of the most beautiful, natural, wholesome things that money can buy." —STEVE MARTIN, ACTOR

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

Open Invitation

JODIE STARR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

I'm not looking for love," announces the stunning **Jodie Starr**. "Love is nice, but lust is so much hotter. I'm looking for fun and sex—lots of hot, sweaty sex. Love is nice, but over time a couple gets too used to each other, and the thrill wears off. I want the excitement that comes the first time you get naked with a new guy. That's always incredible!"

The German-born beauty's ideal sex partner must be more than just well equipped. "I need a man who not only has a huge bratwurst," **Jodie** explains, "but also knows how to use it. All that meat is useless if he gets off too quickly and can't make me come. That's just no good. Men have to know that sex is not a race. There's no need to rush. Maybe if you're with an ugly girl, but not with me."

Sex isn't **Jodie**'s only passion. "When I was still living in Germany, I traveled all over Europe," she says. "I went to all the major cities and met lots of wonderful people. I'm pretty sure I've had sex in every place I visited.

"Now that I'm living in Los Angeles, I plan on taking trips all over the United States. It would be great to have sex in all 50 states. That would make a cool movie. Maybe if I decide to go full out into porn, I could do that. Call it *Starr Screws the States*."

Looking ahead, **Jodie** muses, "Life is full of options, especially in L.A. Will I do more nude modeling? Will I do porn? Will I become a Hollywood movie star? I don't know today, but maybe tomorrow I will."

JODIE STARR'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Erlangen, Germany | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-8 | WEIGHT: 110

"I don't understand, miss. How can a prostitute lose her job?
You do still have a pussy, don't you?"

Sloppy Public Display of Affection

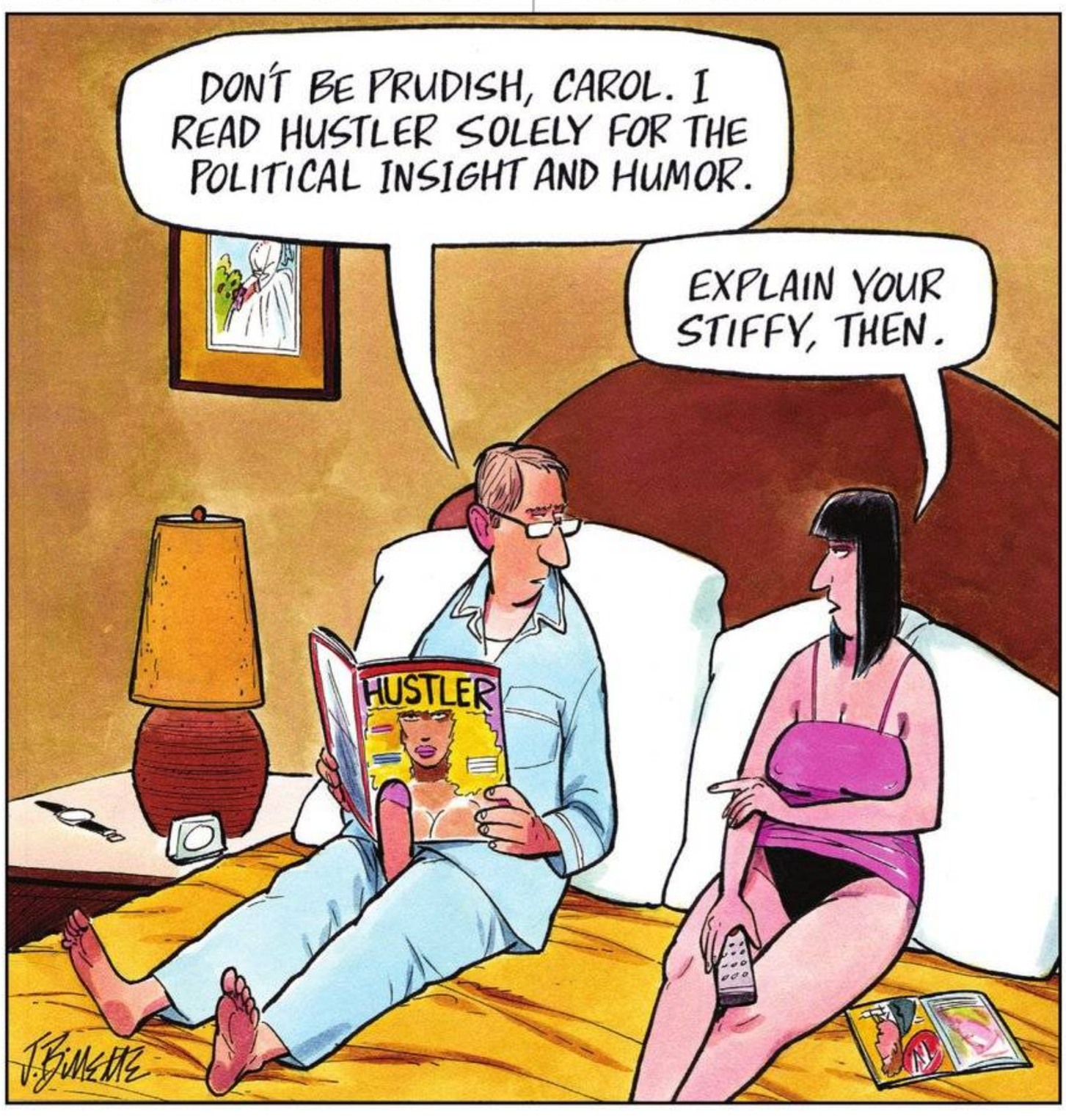
I glanced around me and saw the usual collection of suits and gowns sipping martinis and spouting political gibberish. Another boring, bullshit corporate function—this time at a sales convention. I didn't really recognize anyone, except my date and a bartender I'd tipped so well, he kept pouring me doubles.

Now I was drunk and bored out of my fuckin' skull. So I dropped to my knees in front of my long-suffering boyfriend and went to work on his steel-gray trousers. They were down to his ankles before guests started noticing, and I heard gasps all around us.

As I slipped his underwear over his hips, I kissed and nipped Stan's washboard stomach. My boyfriend was staring at me with a tolerant smirk, but his fuckstick showed what he really thought of the situation. Freed from his briefs, it slapped me in the chin. See, my Stan has always been something of an exhibitionist. And me? Well, the only thing I like better than giving a blowjob is demonstrating my cocksucking skills for an audience.

I threw my long hair over my shoulders so everyone could see my tongue swirling over Stan's dick cap. The man has such a beautiful cock—seven fine, fat inches. I lapped up and down his shaft and ball sac until his fuckset was glistening with spit. No one tried to stop us, which wasn't too surprising. It was late, the booze had been flowing for hours, and it *was* a sales convention—in Vegas no less. Rather, our audience pressed in on all sides to form a circle around us. Those drunken, leering faces made me determined to put on a good show.

Baring my breasts was easy in my strapless sequined dress. I heard several appreciative murmurs as I pushed the fabric to my waist. My nipples are long, hard and pencil-thick. I drooled a little saliva onto my titties and rubbed it in until they were shiny. Then I pushed a spigot right into Stan's piss slit! "Fuck!" he cried as the audience looked on in awe.


DON'T BE PRUDISH, CAROL. I READ HUSTLER SOLELY FOR THE POLITICAL INSIGHT AND HUMOR.
EXPLAIN YOUR STIFFY, THEN.
HUSTLER
J. BIGGETTE

I was no longer bored. My pussy felt hot and slick.

I guess I was a barely legal 18 when I first realized that I was an exhibitionist. It was a hot summer night, and I was making out with some dude in the backseat of my dad's Buick when I noticed a cop peering through a side window. I don't know; it set me off. My heart started racing, and all of a sudden it was important to give that officer something exceptional to watch. My date got a sloppy balls-and-all blowjob, the cop got an incredible show, and I experienced my first real climax! He never did bust us either, just smiled and walked away.

Since then my strongest orgasms have always been when someone was watching. And now in Vegas I felt driven to give the performance of my life. Moving behind my partner, I spread his buttocks with my hands and licked a wet trail from the top of his ass crack to his bunghole. *Mmm.* I rimmed his pink-brown rosebud with the very tip of my tongue before pushing my taster all the way in deep. With my face pressed against his crack, I reached around to double-fist my man's shaft. But I didn't want him to come yet. No, I wanted to taste his creamy jism. So I stopped tonguing and fisting, then slinked between Stan's legs to teabag his beautiful, heavy nuts.

By stretching my mouth as wide as possible, I could wrap my lips around both balls at once. Someone in the crowd applauded as my cheeks hollowed with suction. A gent in a gray tuxedo helped me slip my panties off, then held them to his nose as he watched.

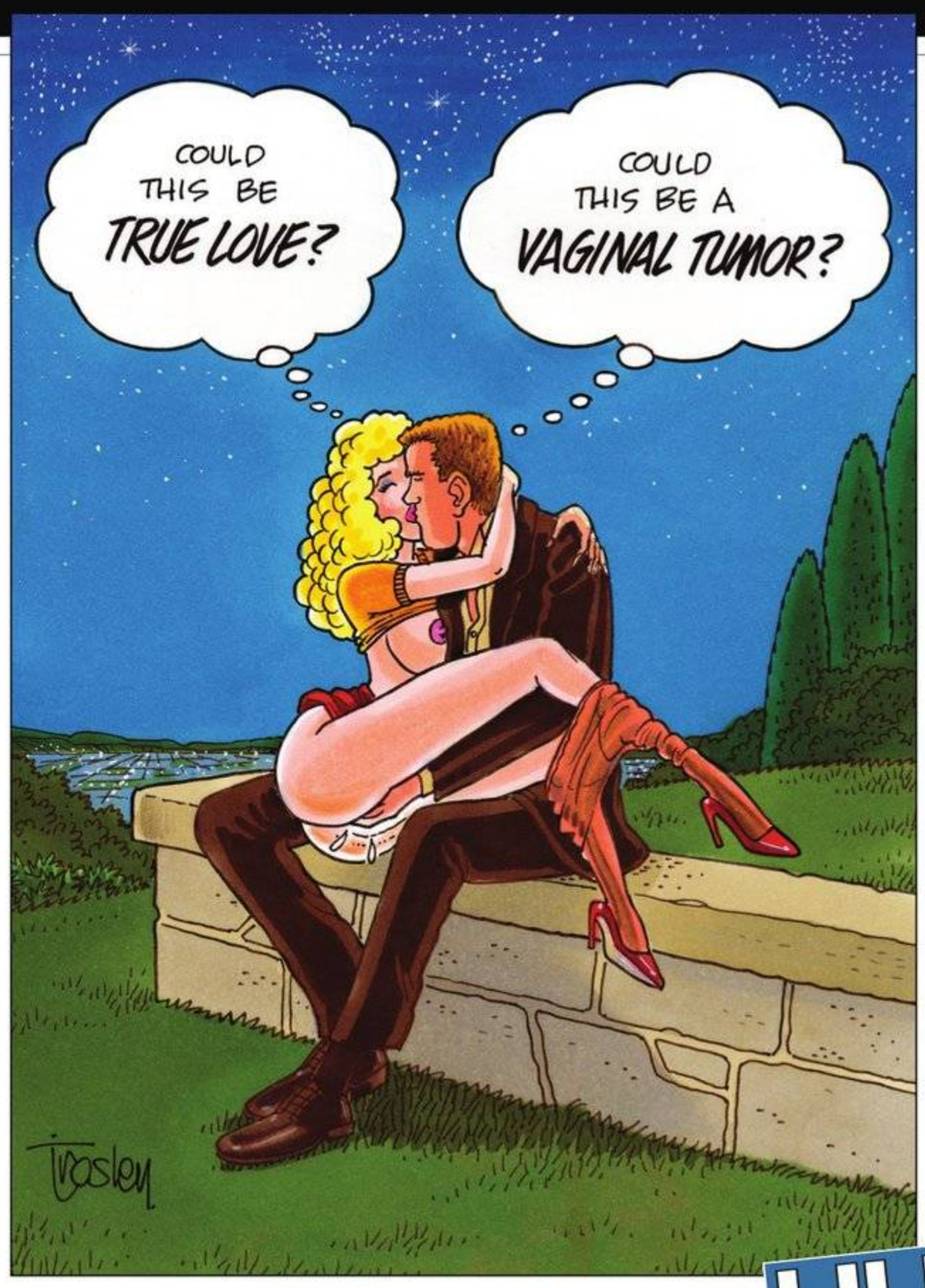
Finally, I was ready to move on to the show's finale. Back on my knees in front of Stan, I drooled more spit onto his prick head and started sucking. Slowly, a fraction of an inch at a time, my lips moved down his hard-on till the cap was tickling my tonsils. A complete deep-throat! From then on, nothing was slow. My head bobbed on Stan's pecker. My tongue swirled around his shaft. My nips brushed over his thighs. I jabbed a finger knuckle deep into his asshole, and that was all she wrote.

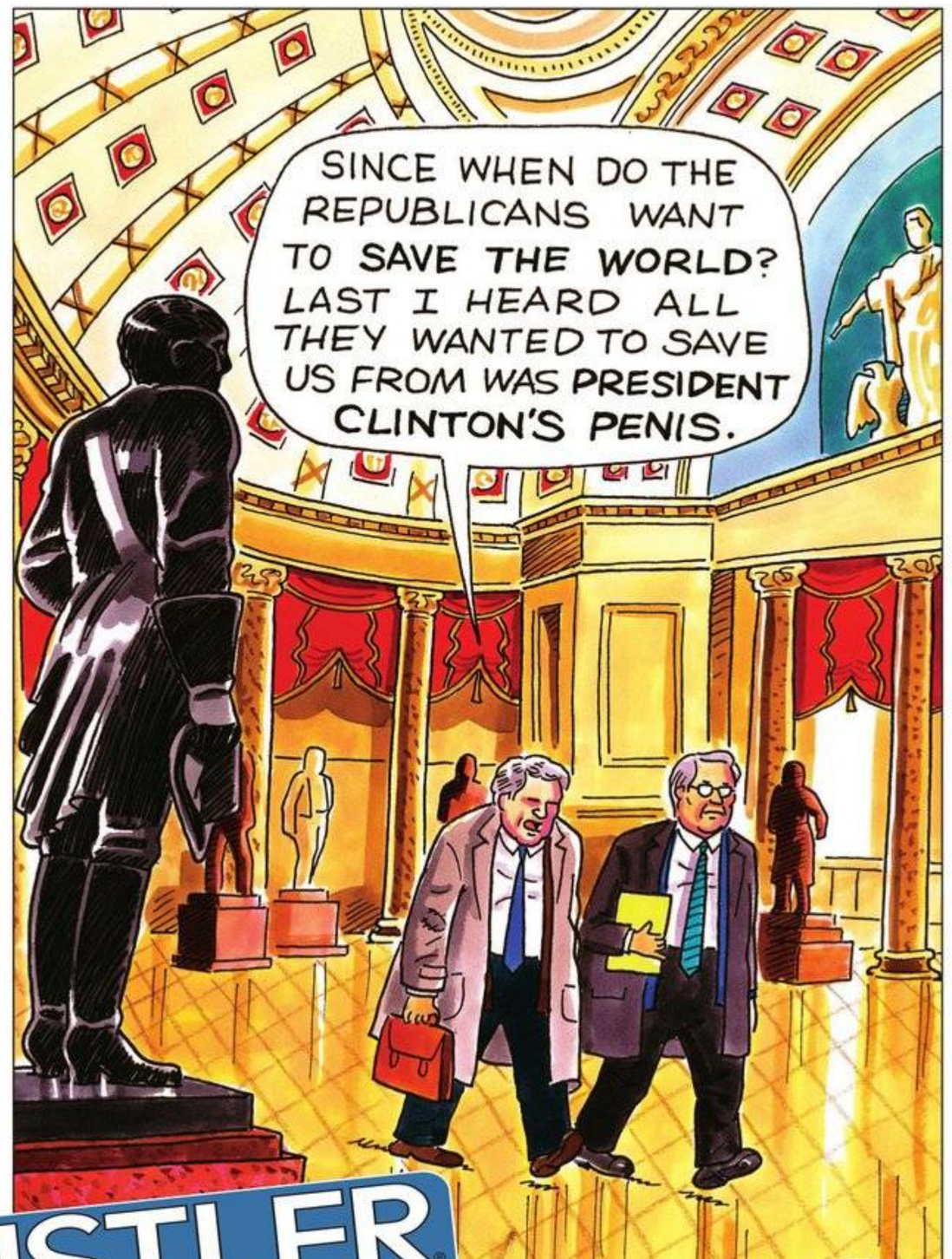
At the first taste of spunk, I fell back so everyone could see Stan's jizz stream onto my tongue. Then, suddenly, the crowd was clapping! And with that thunderous ovation came my own powerful orgasm. It was magnificent!

—J.B.

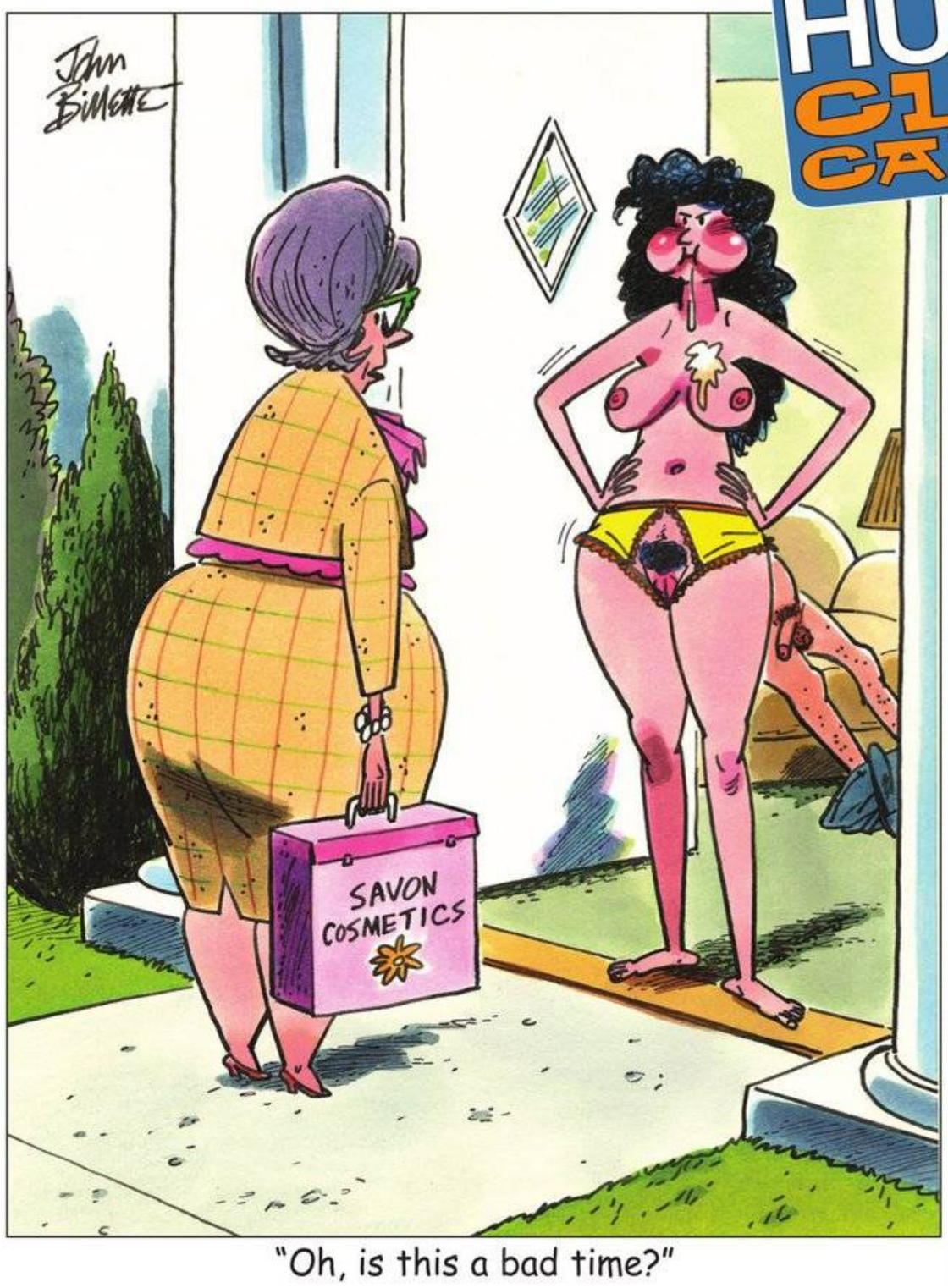
New Rochelle, New York

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.




SINCE WHEN DO THE REPUBLICANS WANT TO SAVE THE WORLD? LAST I HEARD ALL THEY WANTED TO SAVE US FROM WAS PRESIDENT CLINTON'S PENIS.
Collins

HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Oh, is this a bad time?"

JESSE JACKSON'S FOUR POINTS
African American FREEDOM SYMPHONY
① End to Slavery
② Right to Vote
③ Demise of Segregation
④ Access to Capital
⑤ Fuck white women without getting our asses lynched!
Mulleady

Julie Strain

A FELLOW SCREAM QUEEN CHRONICLES A WILD CHILD/BIKER MAMA'S ASCENT TO B-MOVIE GLORY AND BEYOND.

"I have a certain power over men," Julie Strain declares, her eyes glinting.

A lot of men agree. "I've seen her in movies and in person," says down-home TV movie host Joe Bob Briggs, "and I never know if she wants to have sex with me or kill me. And ya know what? I don't care!"

Stunningly gorgeous and impossibly tall, Strain modestly labels herself "Queen of All Media," with due deference to Howard Stern as "King." Says the towering temptress, "I love Howard. On his show, I sat on his lap, and he spanked my bare ass. As for being Queen, I think I've done enough work that nobody will ever dethrone me."

Born and raised in northern California, Julie built her lusty career on her 6-foot-1 Amazon goddess body. An industry unto herself, she

PHOTOS BY JAKE DAVIS ARTS

JULIE STRAIN

was crowned *Penthouse* Pet of the Year in 1993, then went on to star in over a hundred B-movies, continually popping her top and kicking butt. She's modeled for such greats as photographer Helmut Newton and the artist Olivia, who painted more than 50 portraits of her. "In my arsenal of wicked fantasy women," Olivia commented, "Julie is the merciless bitch…Barbarella with a machine gun. Male genitalia quake with fear and respect when she walks by!"

Supremely self-confident, Julie is passionate about life, love and art, crediting famous sex symbols as her earliest influences: "Marilyn Monroe and Bettie Page were my most important role models. Although there are a lot of beautiful women in the world, those two had real, unique style. I also loved Brigitte Bardot, Sophia Loren, Raquel Welch and all of those badassed broads who drank wine, drove fancy cars and courted dangerous men in Monte Carlo!"

Strain recalls, "When I was a kid, my mom hid copies of HUSTLER, *Penthouse* and *Playboy* underneath her bed. Every time she went to the grocery store, I'd sneak in, thinking, *Omigod, look at this stuff!* Of course, I'd grab her vibrator

JULIE STRAIN

out of the drawer. But I gotta tell you, vibrators were made of metal back then. While I tried to have an orgasm, it kept getting hotter and hotter. I'd end up tossing it from hand to hand, yelping in pain. I think I melted that metal vibrator!"

Back then, Julie's energy was channeled into antisocial behavior. "I was a wild child who was always getting into trouble," she admits. At age seven she stole a horse and got caught. She broke into her elementary school to steal marbles and spare change from desks. She torched a grassy hill behind her house. "After I lit a school bathroom on fire, my mother finally sent me to a private school," Julie recollects. "They straightened me out." She brushes a curl from her face. "A little bit."

Adolescence was also bleak: "I was an ugly duckling for the longest time. In high school I was already six feet tall and so skinny at 110 pounds. My hair was an inch long, I had bad posture, and I was a loudmouth tomboy. I never had a boyfriend. In fact, I never got laid during high school. Something would always ruin it. Every time I went on a date with a boy, he'd either throw up from drinking too much, or we'd get in a car accident, or my mother would come home early."

After high school, Julie married a Hell's Angel, living the biker-mama life for almost a decade. She and her husband collected Harleys and raised Dobermans. The woman who would go on to play dominatrices and assassins knew her place: "I learned to not ask questions and do what I was told. I lived a fabulous vagabond life with his gang. As their cook and personal trainer, I was Big Mama and brought some health to the scene."

In her mid-20s, Julie's motorcycle moll/suburban housewife role took a strange turn. One day while she was horseback riding, a runaway pony spooked her mount. Flung from the saddle, Julie landed on her head. Large portions of her memory were blanked out, and she had to reinvent herself to fill in the holes. The mishap also led to years of physical therapy due to a severe back injury.

With her settlement from the lawsuit, Julie took a year off to travel with her girlfriends. They ended up at a boxing event in Las Vegas, where she was suddenly "discovered" through a fortunate chain of events. Separated from her companions, she accepted a stranger's offer to sit with him. (The man later became her talent agent.) "As we walked into the arena," Julie relates, "the crowd started applauding wildly. I thought it was for one of the fighters. When I finally got to my seat, I realized they were all cheering for *me*.

"I was wearing a skimpy tan suede bustier. Evidently, they thought I didn't have a shirt on. I got written up in the papers as 'The Las Vegas Flash.' That night, I partied with Sylvester Stallone, Don Johnson and Lee Majors. When I finally saw my girlfriends again, I told them, 'My life just changed. I got discovered. I'm *(continued on page 62)*

the O'Reilly SPHINCTER

Written and drawn by Dan Collins

FUX NEWS

YOU JUST STEPPED IN IT! YOU'RE IN THE *NO-SPINE ZONE!* ***THE SPHINCTER BEGINS NOW!***

WELCOME TO **THE *O'REILLY SPHINCTER,*** WHERE YOU GET THE DAY'S TOP STORIES WITHOUT THE HYPE, THE SPIN OR ANY OL' NASTY FACTS GETTING IN THE WAY OF YOUR MYOPIC VIEW OF THE WORLD. I TELL YOU HOW TO THINK TO SAVE YOU FROM HAVING TO DO IT YOURSELF! YOU CAN COUNT ON ME TO GET TO THE HEART OF THE ISSUES AND THEN TWIST IT TO FIT THE ***FUX NEWS*** MOLD YOU ALL ***LOVE!***

MY ***BRAIN*** IS ON ***24 HOURS A DAY*** SO YOURS DOESN'T HAVE TO BE!

...FUX NEWS UPDATE: PRES. BUSH ADMITS TO NEEDING V.P. DICK CHENEY TO WIPE HIS ASS.....

FIRST UP IN THE SPHINCTER, TONIGHT'S ***TALKING POINTS MEMO:*** WHY DOES ***MSNBC HATE AMERICA?!*** I MADE UP... UH, I MEAN, **HAVE** UNCOVERED EVIDENCE THAT ***GE*** CEO ***JEFF IMMELT HAS BEEN*** SUPPLYING ***AL QAEDA*** WITH WHITE BABIES TO BE USED FOR ***TARGET PRACTICE! ALL AMERICANS SHOULD BE OUTRAGED!!!***

IF IT WERE ONLY MINORITY BABIES, I MIGHT UNDERSTAND, BUT ***WHITE BABIES?!*** MORE ON THIS AS WE ***DEVELOP IT.***

MY FIRST GUEST TONIGHT IS ***EILEEN TUPORT,*** A BROWNIE WHO HAS BEEN SELLING HER COOKIES TO RAISE MONEY FOR HURRICANE KATRINA SURVIVORS.

HELLO, MISTER O'REILLY. THANK YOU FOR HAVING ME ON!

...MSNBC'S KEITH OLBERMANN IS A POOPYHEAD.....FLASH! BILL O'REILLY IS A VERY COOL GUY!

WHAT'S THE STORY, ***EILEEN?***

I SAW PICTURES ON ***TV*** OF PEOPLE LEFT HOMELESS BY THE HURRICANE AND I WANTED TO HELP!

PLEASE! SPARE ME YOUR LIBERAL BULLCRAP!!!

WHAT YOU ***REALLY*** WERE DOING...

BUT...

...WAS TRYING TO EMBARRASS ***GEORGE BUSH,*** WHO WAS THE ***REAL VICTIM*** OF THIS TERRIBLY UNFAIR AND ***PARTISAN HURRICANE!***

BUT I...

SHUT UP!!

WAH! MOMMY! THE NASTY SPLOTCHY MAN IS YELLING AT ME! ***SOB! BOOO HOOO!***

CUT OFF HER MIC! ***SHUT UP!!!***

YOU DISGUST ME!

KIDS BEWARE! NO ONE IS IMMUNE TO THE *NO-SPINE ZONE!* IF YOU'RE *PEDDLING PROPA-GANDA...*

...YER BUTT'S OUTTA HERE!

JOINING ME NOW ARE FUX BIMBOS MARGARET HOOVER AND MEGYN KELLY!

HI, BILL.

WOTTA SLIME-BALL!

I LIKE TO SURROUND MYSELF WITH PRIMO FUX FLESH!

HELLO, BILL.

GAG!

WHO'S UP FOR A SHOWER? I'LL BRING THE *LOOFAHS!* WADDYA SAY, GIRLS?

...KARL ROVE SAYS, "I'M SO GOOD, I COULD GET BILL CLINTON ELECTED FOR ANOTHER TERM!"..

YES, I CAN SEE IT NOW... A BUNGALOW IN THE TROPICS, *LOOFAHS, LOTION...* UH HUH HUH HUH HUH...

BILL, BILL? O'REILLY? ARE YOU OK?

GURGLE!

OH, GOD, I THINK HE CAME ON HIMSELF! I'M OUT OF HERE!

SPLOOGE!

...FOX POLL SHOWS A MAJORITY OF AMERICANS ARE NOT INTELLIGENT. MOST WATCH BILL O'REI

THANK YOU, GIRLS. NEXT, OUR OWN COMEDY GENIUS, WHOSE REFERENCES I DON'T GET HALF THE TIME. IT'S... *DENNIS MILLER* TIME!

HEY, CHA CHA!

THANKS FOR DROPPING BY, DENNIS.

IT'S GREAT TO BE HERE, BILL. IT'S GREAT TO BE ANY-WHERE SINCE MY CAREER WENT SOUTH LIKE A *LESBIAN LANDING CRAFT* LOOKING FOR A *TONGUE TARMAC,* IF YOU CATCH MY DRIFT, *BOOPSIE!*

HEY, BILL, WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT A PILL FOR WOMEN SO THEY HAVE ONLY ONE PERIOD A YEAR? LEMME TELL YA,' THAT ONE PERIOD WILL MAKE MT. ST. HELENS LOOK LIKE THE *MONEY SHOT* FROM A *BARNEY FIFE* PORNO FLICK, I'M HERE TO TELL YA'!

BUT HEY, I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY, 'CUZ NO DAME IN HER *RIGHT MIND* WOULD BE CAUGHT *DEAD* IN MY *COMPANY!* CHUCKLE!

THAT'S PROBABLY BECAUSE OF THAT *SALT* AND *PEPPER TOILET BRUSH* ON YOUR CHIN, *DENNIS!*

GET OUTTA HERE. YER TAKIN' UP SPACE!

SPACE *BETTER FILLED* WITH NEWS *BABES!*

...AND ROGER AILES KEEPS ME SUPPLIED! HERE'S *MICHELLE MALKIN, E.D. HILL, LAURA INGRAHAM* AND THE EVER-LOVABLE *ANN COULTER!*

WHAT ARE THESE FOR?

I'M *GLAD* YOU ASKED! WE'RE GOING TO PLAY *PATRIOTS* AND *PINHEADS!*

LLY AND DON'T KNOW ENOUGH TO TELL THAT HE IS TOTALLY CLUELESS....DICK CHENEY SAYS THAT OBA

ON THIS SHOW, AS IN LIFE, PEOPLE WHO DO WHAT *BILL O'REILLY* SAYS ARE *PATRIOTS*, AND *THOSE WHO DON'T ARE PINHEADS!*

NOW *O'REILLY* SAYS, *EVERYONE STRIP AND GET A LOOFAH!*

O'REILLY SAYS, *TURN ON THE SPRINKLERS!*

MY HAIR!

NOT WATER! I'M MELTING, MELTING!

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT A *MORON* LIKE YOU COULD DESTROY MY *BEAUTIFUL WICKEDNESS?!*

WHAT A WORLD... WHAT A WORLD....

MA IS GOING TO DESTROY THE COUNTRY. OBAMA SAYS THAT DICK AND W HAVE BEATEN HIM TO IT.....

WHERE ARE YOU GOING? *WE'RE NOT DONE!* WE HAVE TO FINISH *TAPING THE SHOW!*

GOD-DAMMIT!

FUCK IT! WE'LL DO IT LIVE!!

SON OF A BITCH!! COCK SUCKER!!

KA-BOOM!

...AND NOW, HERE'S *STING* TO PLAY US OUT..... ...GURGLE...

Chat With

REAL GIRLS NOW

in your area

Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?

HUSTLER PERSONALS

WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU

You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.

Come inside and get PERSONAL

START CHATTING NOW

PEAK INSIDE

What Happens in Vegas...

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSE LUIS

SARAH ASHLEY BARKER

To find out what really goes on in Sin City you have to ask a local. “Las Vegas is the sexiest place on Earth,” says model/actress **Sarah Ashley Barker**. “It’s full of the hottest guys and girls all getting it on. Day after day, week after week, people looking for a good time fly in from around the world, and we’re more than willing to provide it. Where else can you dance, party and hook up 24 hours a day? There’s so much to do, sometimes I get upset because I can’t squeeze it all in. But I try! I’m 24, and I live in a 24-hour town. So I’m down!”

What kind of guys get to party with **Sarah**? "All kinds, including some of the rich and famous." Like who? "I don't kiss and tell. My sex life is private, but I have been with some very famous guys—even the world's most eligible bachelor. But I don't just date celebrities. I date regular guys all the time. My weakness is accents. If you have one, then I'm in. Someone talking to me with an accent—English, Australian, whatever—turns me on."

Will **Sarah Ashley Barker** be turning on viewers of XXX videos? "My sex life is personal, and I want to keep it that way. Besides, I think I'd be too self-conscious to ever have sex on film. On the other hand, posing nude feels natural to me, and my mom is very proud of the fact that I'm in HUSTLER. She taught me to never be ashamed of my body and to do what I want with my life. No regrets. It's the only way to be."

SARAH ASHLEY BARKER'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Las Vegas | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-1 | WEIGHT: 105

The Art of GINA KING

By gina.com

INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER **RUSS BAKER** EXPOSES HOW THE BUSH DYNASTY USES AMERICA'S SPY AGENCIES TO WIELD ITS DEADLY POWER.

RUSS

PHOTO BY MELANIE EINZIG

George W. Bush's legacy of destruction will linger for years to come. In his latest book, *Family of Secrets*, Russ Baker—who has written for *Vanity Fair*, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Nation*, *Esquire*, the *New Yorker* and many others—unravels the web of deceit spun by the Bush clan. Here Baker reveals that the scheming Bushes are very different from the benevolent patriarch and bungling son the media portrays. Worse yet, they may have more nasty plans in store for America.

HUSTLER: Did the media let us down when it came to reporting on the Bush Administration?

RUSS BAKER: At its best the American press doesn't do a good job calling domestic power into account. But during the George W. Bush Presidency we saw a new low. People were intimidated by the jingoistic atmosphere following 9/11. Certainly we were all supportive of efforts to strike back at the perpetrators. But when it became clear that the Bush Administration was using 9/11 as an excuse to pursue other agendas, the failures of the media stunned me.

Is there nothing more than what we see: a lazy, bumptious, inarticulate fellow who seems sort of reckless? There was an enormous amount of money bet on George W. Bush. He had an agenda that was clearly benefiting some of the most powerful sectors of our society. Some thought it was just a fluke; some said it was all due to the genius of Karl Rove; some said it was because he ran against weak candidates. It seemed to me there was more going on. To understand George W. Bush you need to understand his family and the groups that have backed it through multiple generations.

Is a shadow government running this country?

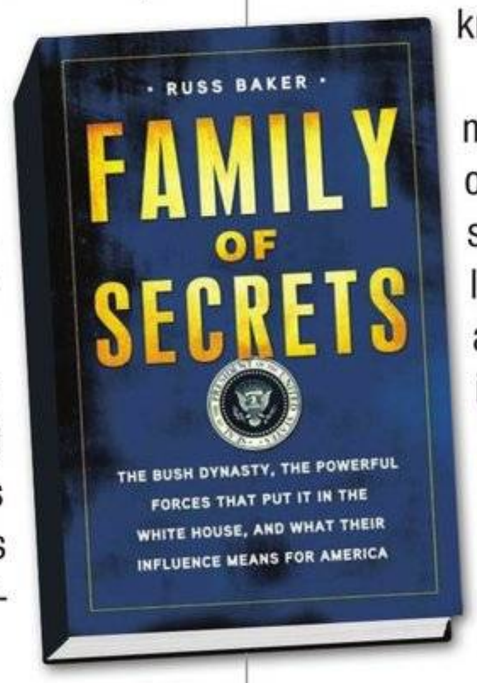
What we're looking at is a group of people—of which the Bushes are part—that continuously work with certain elements of the intelligence community, the military and the oil and other resource-extraction indus-

tries to put their person into the White House. During 20 of the last 28 years there was a Bush in either the Presidency or Vice Presidency.

So it's a group of powerful people with mutual interests?

Right. They may also have slightly different interests amongst themselves. Some of these people come together in college, in secret societies like Skull and Bones—some of them are 32nd Degree Masons. They use whatever works to instill a sense of shared loyalty and confidentiality.

This permeates the intelligence community as well. Powerful people come together through intermarriage, fraternal situations. They sit together on the boards of museums and hospitals. They go to the same country clubs. They talk like all of us talk, but what they talk about is a little different. Powerful people talk about how well they're doing in the power sweepstakes.


RUSS BAKER
FAMILY OF SECRETS
THE BUSH DYNASTY, THE POWERFUL FORCES THAT PUT IT IN THE WHITE HOUSE, AND WHAT THEIR INFLUENCE MEANS FOR AMERICA

Maybe they're disenchanted with the person they helped get elected. One person may say he's frustrated because there aren't enough military contracts going to his company. Somebody else may be upset because he thinks the United States government is not doing enough about foreign insurgencies that threaten coffee fields he owns.

Do they have access to CIA agents, which gives them the ability to use extralegal means to achieve their goals?

One of the main themes of *Family of Secrets* is that these elites have very effectively used the Central Intelligence Agency and other intelligence apparatuses for the purpose of advancing their interests, not only abroad, but domestically as well. George W. Bush's grandfather came out of the Wall Street world of big money—his business partners and close friends [included] Averell Harriman; Robert Lovett, who is considered the architect of the CIA; and Allen Dulles, who was probably the most significant CIA director [and mentor of George H.W. Bush].

The elites saw the intelligence agencies as an opportunity to perpetuate their agenda. These agencies have consistently failed to anticipate most of the major upheavals of the last 30 or 40 years, but they've been frequently successful in covert areas, carrying out things the American people never supported, like overthrowing democratically elected leaders abroad.

Should the CIA be smashed into a thousand pieces, as JFK once suggested?

I think we seriously need to examine whether the CIA—as it is currently constructed—is a good thing or not for this country. What we probably need to do is dismantle it and create a new intelligence agency with skilled individuals who are not implicated in the abuses of the old agency. It should be focused heavily on collecting valuable intelligence and not cooking the books for an agenda or covert meddling.

Does George W. Bush exemplify how power works in America?

One of the key things I discovered was that George W. Bush's public image—a tobacco-chewing, cowboy-boot-wearing rebel—was propaganda. In fact, he was always a loyal foot soldier in the organization in which his father and his grandfather were deeply involved. He was also a far more compromised individual than we knew from prior accounts.

In *Family of Secrets* I provide conclusive new documentation that W. skipped out on his military service obligations, and I cite examples from his personal life showing blatant hypocrisy on moral issues—specifically on the subject of abortion and on his so-called born again experience. I show how these subjects were cynically manipulated for political ends.

As for George H.W. Bush, his ties to the intelligence community are a lot deeper than the one year in 1976 when he served as CIA director. I found documents showing that "Poppy" Bush, as he was called, was involved with intelligence work more than two decades earlier. He apparently spent his entire adult life involved in clandestine activities.

Have you uncovered any new information related to the Bushes' alleged involvement with the death of JFK?

Curiously, George H.W. Bush has publicly stated that he cannot remember where he was on November 22, 1963, the day of JFK's assassination. As I document in *Family of Secrets*, he was in Dallas, then left and called the FBI from outside the city, thereby making the point that he was not in Dallas, while providing what appears to be a false tip about a potential suspect in the assassination.

Also curious, an old friend of his, George De Mohrenschildt, a Russian émigré with intelligence and oil industry ties, was a father figure to Lee Harvey Oswald in the year after Oswald returned from the Soviet Union. De Mohrenschildt was asked by a CIA station chief in Dallas to keep an eye on Oswald. He was constantly helping him find jobs, giving him advice and steering him in the crucial year prior to the assassination.

Some years later, when Bush was CIA director, De Mohrenschildt wrote a letter to him saying he was afraid people were after him because he had been talking too much about Oswald. Bush wrote back and essentially said, "I don't think there's any problem here; I wouldn't worry about it." Six months later De Mohrenschildt was dead. [De Mohrenschildt allegedly shot himself in 1977 after being contacted by the House Select Committee on Assassinations.]

BAKER

"This has been a routine test of the Emergency Broadcast System. Had it been a real emergency, Rush Limbaugh would've shit his pants and caused a separate ecological emergency."

You've also implicated George H.W. in the downfall of Nixon.

Richard Nixon constantly promoted George H.W. Bush. That's important because if the elder Bush had not been put into positions of power, his son George W. would never have become President. Why did Nixon favor Poppy Bush? Nixon didn't hold him in very high regard but had an unspoken obligation.

In *Family of Secrets* I reveal that the Bush family, through George W. Bush's grandfather Prescott, had played a behind-the-scenes role in bringing Nixon into politics. They had him run against a California congressman who was a leading critic of Wall Street. But Nixon astonishingly turns out to have been something of a rebel himself. Diaries, tapes and other documents show that once he attained the Presidency, he tried to do his own thing, battling with the CIA and alienating the Pentagon through back-channel negotiations with the Soviets and the Chinese.

The Watergate break-in was only one of several operations ascribed to Nixon that appear to have been deliberately botched. There's no evidence that Nixon ordered the operations that ultimately drove him from power.

Would you say that the Bush clan operates like a crime syndicate, engaging in money laundering and profiteering, possibly even killing their enemies?

In *Family of Secrets* I lay out what facts can be nailed down and let readers decide for themselves. I go back and look at the father's businesses. But I also look at the businesses of George W. Bush that haven't been scrutinized. I find problems in every one of these companies: lack of profitability, lack of a rational sense of why the company was in business and a fascinating cast of characters—figures connected to the Saudis, Philippine dictator Ferdinand Marcos, the Shah of Iran, bankers financing the apartheid regime in South Africa.

It's the most amazing rogues' gallery, and there are huge amounts of money sloshing in and out. The intelligence business has thousands of these cutouts: entities created for the purpose of laundering enormous amounts of money, bribes to foreign officials, payouts to intelligence contacts and informants, and so on. They need to invisibly move huge amounts of money all over the world. It appears that some, if not all, of these companies were performing that function.

Who are the Bushes' masters? George H.W. Bush doesn't call all the shots, does he?

Absolutely not. We don't know who calls the shots in this country, because they keep a very low profile. We've heard of a handful of celebrity billionaires—Bill Gates, George Soros and so on—but those are newcomers. The real power in this country, historically, has been people from the old anglophile families. They go way back, to England, before the founding of our country. And they are still very much in the picture. *(continued on page 92)*

HUSTLER'S GIRLS OF MYSPACE ★ HUSTLER'S GIRLS OF MYSPACE ★

BY MICHELLE McCARTHY

SCREEN NAME:

Rebecca Miller

AGE: 33

STATUS: SINGLE

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 5,901

LOCATION: SAN DIEGO

URL: MYSPACE.COM/REBECCA1120

Rebecca Miller certainly knows how to let loose. While vacationing in New Orleans, the "passionate Scorpio" bought a huge vibrator, a cock ring and anal beads to spice things up. "I had tried anal sex before, but never beads," Rebecca confides. "I was with my boyfriend at the time, and what we were about to do was a little risqué for me. As I was on all fours on the bed, he put all the beads in. Then we stared at each other, giggling nervously before he pulled them out. It was so kinky, fun and scary, all at once. That was definitely a fun and memorable trip."

So was visiting a boyfriend in Santa Barbara, California, where Rebecca displayed her patriotic side. "He was a rescue swimmer for the Navy," the fitness, nutrition and skincare student recalls. "He took me up in a military helicopter, where we started tearing off each other's clothes—then did it right there. It was a total rush!"

But Rebecca, who's originally from Owosso, Michigan, doesn't always need an elaborate setup to get down and dirty. All it takes is good company and a sparkling beverage. "My best friend—a smoking-hot, 5-foot-10 model—invited me to her boyfriend's ranch for the weekend," the five-footer explains. "One afternoon after a few games of poker and a bottle of champagne, she leaned over and started making out with me. Before I knew it, all three of us were in bed together—hands and lips everywhere. Needless to say, it was an amazing night."

THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE #33

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 years of age or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at **MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine** or by e-mailing ***Hustler@LFP.com***.

PHOTOS BY AARON RIVEROLL PHOTOGRAPHY

DANGEROUS NOTIONS: VIETNAM VS. IRAQ

*Mamie Van Doren in the 1960 crime drama **Vice Raid.***

Screen legend **Mamie Van Doren** recounts her experiences in Vietnam as they relate to today's soldiers in Iraq and Afghanistan.

The Huey thunders along at 3,000 feet. Below, the Vietnamese jungle slips past at 130 knots, green and lush. I cover my face against the glare of sunlight coming through the chopper's open cabin door as I try to sleep. The sound of the engine is muffled by earplugs the crew has provided.

I have been in Vietnam for three months, entertaining at fire stations (areas held by U.S. troops in the jungle). Bone-weary, I drift off to sleep as the engine drones. A sudden *thud* rocks the Huey, then a second. Smoke billows up from the cockpit. The gunner, who was in the back compartment with me, lies dead, slipping toward the door in a pool of his own blood. The pilot and copilot are slumped in their seats as the Huey spins out of control. I cling to my seat; the spiraling helicopter is losing altitude. The jungle

PHOTOS COURTESY MAMIE VAN DOREN

rushes toward me. I can make out the trees. I scream for help, but no one can hear. I brace for the crash....

I wake in a cold sweat, my throat raspy from screaming. It takes a long time for my brain to collect itself from the hell of half a lifetime ago. Finally, I realize I'm safe in my bed in Newport Beach, California.

That nightmare is one of several that recur for me, almost 40 years after my Vietnam sojourns. While I did not crash in a helicopter, the two tours I made of Vietnam were not a dream. They were frighteningly real.

Listen: I earned the right to say what I'm about to say. I fancy myself a patriot. I salute the flag. I love my country. I have been to many countries and witnessed their way of life. I like America best. I consider this country *mine.*

I was a hawk when I first went to Vietnam, a victim of the U.S. propaganda machine that said we were fighting communism, sacrificing American lives to give the Vietnamese people their freedom.

I came home in 1971 after four months of entertaining troops up and down the country—everywhere from the Mekong Delta to the DMZ. I sang for the soldiers in places you wouldn't believe. Sometimes I don't even believe it or that I lived to tell about it. I came home in a Medevac plane full of wounded soldiers, sick from bad water and almost constant fear. When I got to Tripler Hospital in Hawaii, I was surprised to discover I didn't have amoebic dysentery. I did discover I had no stomach for a war that I had seen, heard, smelled and tasted up close.

I became a dove.

Here's the problem: How do you protest a war and not protest the troops? Is saying a war is wrong the same as saying the troops are too? Soldiers, sailors, airmen and Marines follow orders. They go where they are told. Their job is to fight.

It would be remarkable if you knew who William Nolde or Kelton Rena Turner were. Nolde died on February 5, 1973; Turner died on May 15, 1975. Depending on which account you read, they are both given the dubious distinction of being the last soldier killed in Vietnam. Nolde perished during the evacuation of Saigon. Turner lost his life in the botched rescue of the crew of the merchant ship *Mayaguez*.

Think of that: The last one killed.

Imagine your son or daughter being the last serviceperson killed in Iraq or Afghanistan. Or imagine that if only you had spoken out or voted for the right person (without being swayed by the self-serving flag-waving of the war criminals), your son or daughter might have lived.

Or think of someone you love being the first to die: On March 21, 2003, four U.S. Marines (Jay Aubin, Ryan Beaupre, Brian Kennedy and Kendall Waters-Bey) and eight British servicemen (John Cecil, Llywelyn Evans, Philip Guy, Sholto Hedenskog, Les Hehir, Ian Seymour, Mark Stratford and Jason Ward) were all killed in a helicopter crash at the beginning of the Iraq invasion. On March 23, 2003, U.S. Army soldier Lori Piestewa became the first woman and first Native American to die in the Iraq War.

All the breast-beating about supporting the war and supporting the troops is a nasty trick the right-wing has used to bully our nation into continuing on an unpopular, illegal and criminally inspired path. Many otherwise-thoughtful people have fallen for this brutally cynical bit of PR bullshit. It is the most two-faced and ironic sort of idea: If you don't support the war, you don't support the troops. In other words, you must continue the debacle that is killing the troops in order to honor them.

The truth is that if you, the people, don't support the war, the war can't continue. If enough of us had stood up to the bullying of the far-right Bushites and said not no, but HELL NO, then the war could have ended. That would have put a stop to our latest adventure in American imperialism.

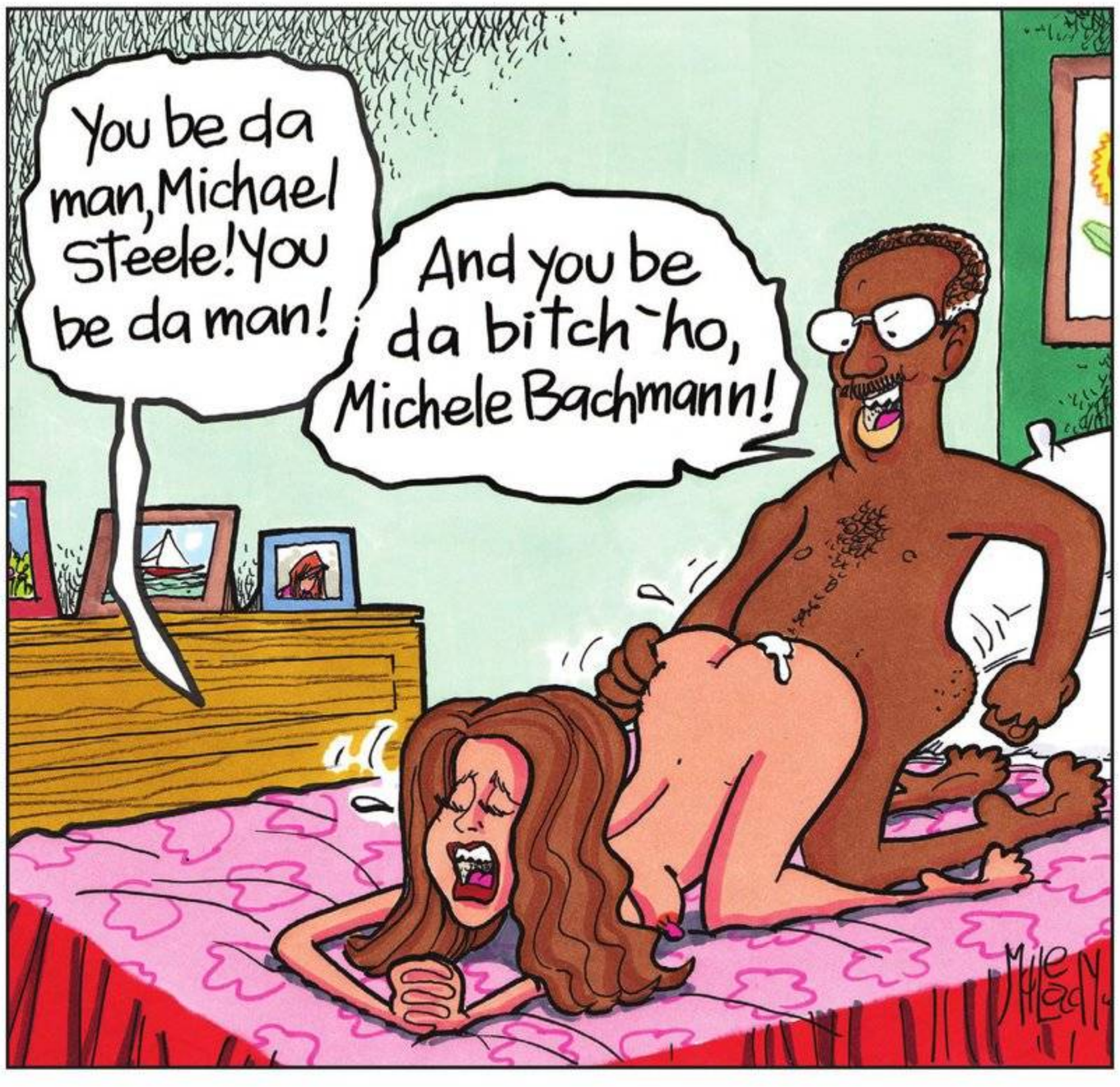
In Mark Twain's day it was the Philippine-American War, an imperialist conflict that was billed as an operation to liberate the Philippines from the Spanish. The prevailing phrase was "Our country, right or wrong!" It was justified as follows: "Even though the war is wrong, we are in it, and we cannot retire from it without dishonor." As Twain quipped, "Not even a burglar could have said it better."

In that conflict we clubbed and bayoneted the Filipinos. With a policy set on killing anyone over the age of ten, we dispatched one-sixth of the population. We also bragged about water torture, relishing its use. Ah, how history repeats itself.

Since invading Iraq in 2003, the United States has killed, by some estimates, more than 100,000 civilians. **IraqBodyCount.com** puts the number at 98,000. The British polling agency Opinion Research Business suggests a casualty range of 946,000 to 1,120,000. Many fatalities are under the age of ten. Our country has sanctioned torturing people with electric shock, dogs, sexual humiliation, death threats and Uncle Sam's apparent favorite, waterboarding. A former President, former Vice President, former defense secretary and former attorney general have all said at various times that America does not resort to torture. They further claim that waterboarding is not torture anyway, although all human rights groups disagree with that notion. To some people, Bush, Cheney and their crew are war criminals.

In Twain's day, as in ours, there was big money to be made in war. The history of war is chock-full of profiteering and outright swindling. During the Civil War, Union troops were sent rotten meat and hardtack full of weevils, while the fat cats pocketed the profits.

"It was the governor, but he dialed wrong.
He thought he was calling an escort service."



MAMIE VAN DOREN

In Iraq, thanks to corporate profiteering, there were not enough flak jackets or armored Humvees. Our soldiers were wounded or killed or, if they were lucky, lived to earn their meager paychecks while their families struggled back home. Meanwhile, Blackwater mercenaries earned six-figure incomes and answered to no one. As Halliburton made millions, someone in its corporate boardroom polished the glass on Dick Cheney's portrait.

Although war is even more brutal today, our media makes it so damn cute. Recruitment commercials turn war into an action movie or a video game. There is music, movement, explosions, roaring tanks and a deep masculine voice describing how you too can become one of the chosen warriors. That stuff really works on young people anxious to prove themselves, especially low-income kids with few job prospects.

War leaves permanent scars on its participants, as surely as if you had laid a whip to their back. The Vietnam generation bears witness to the unseen wounds left by a tour of duty in a combat zone. Now thousands of Americans are coming home from Iraq and Afghanistan bearing those unseen wounds. But what about unexpected consequences? In January 2009 the Army announced that the suicide rate among soldiers was six times higher than for the same month in 2008.

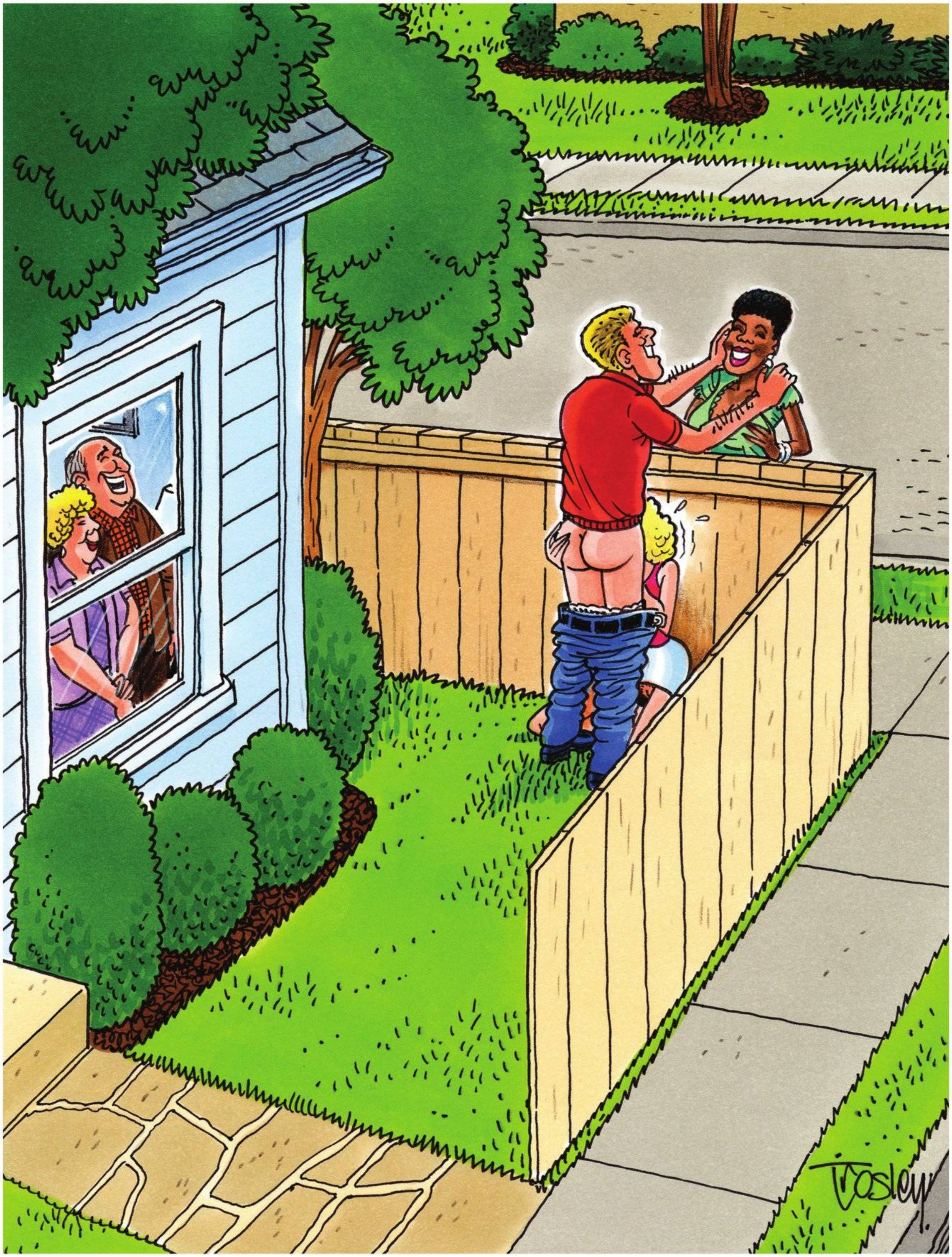
What other mental obstacles will surface for our returning veterans? Will we ignore them? Will we tell them to just buck up and quietly get back to work? Will we be shocked when they are unable to adjust?

Our soldiers' emotional suffering proves that protesting the war is a way of protecting and honoring our troops. No one wants to inflict a lifetime of nightmares and flashbacks on our children.

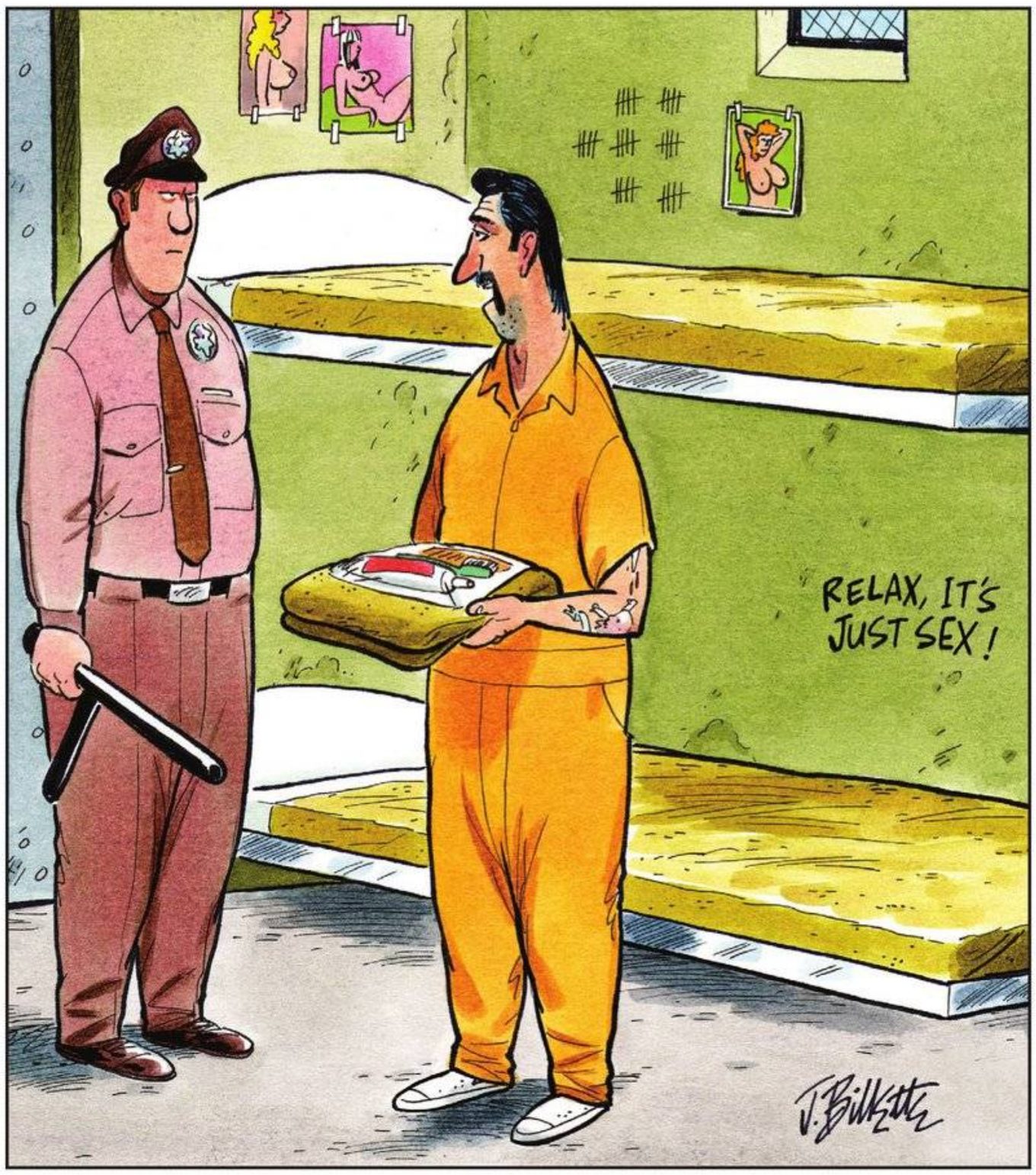
America is one of the most warlike countries in history, although most Americans are oblivious to this fact. We love referring to ourselves as "peacemakers" even while we attack and destroy. We need to break out of our addiction to violence. We need a new kind of discipline.

In the end there is only one way to protect our troops and, indeed, ourselves. We must protest war every time it is proposed by the bullies who govern us. If told there is no alternative to war, we must reject the lie. We must end the lip service we have so cynically given to peace. We need to *practice* peace. Really hard. Eventually, we will get it right.

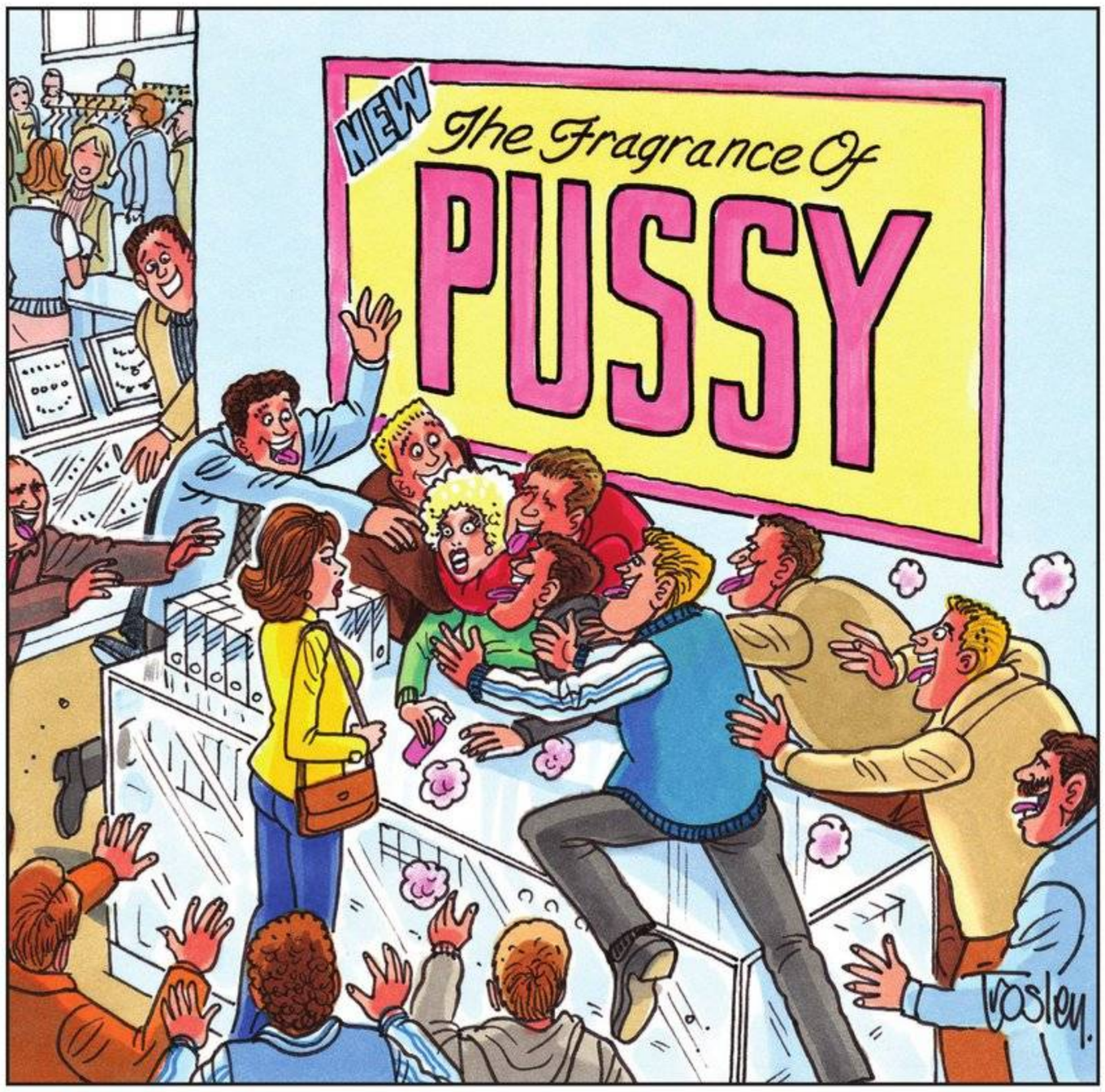
Mamie Van Doren—one of Hollywood's legendary "3M" trio along with Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield—starred in such "bad girl" films as *Untamed Youth*, *Running Wild*, *Teacher's Pet* and *High School Confidential*. The zesty blonde later wrote the tell-all autobiography *Playing the Field* and continues to chronicle her amazing life at **MamieVanDoren.com**.



"Looks like our son has the makings of a high-level politician."



"Is it true? Word is Larry Flynt did time in this joint!"



"It's a new perfume from that guy who puts out HUSTLER."

(continued from page 40) going to be a star now!'"

Thus Julie Strain took Hollywood—or at least a corner of it—by storm. She quickly racked up non-speaking roles in 30 films, including *Repossessed*, *The Doors*, *Hot Shots*, *Bugsy*, *Out for Justice* and *Double Impact*. Following a "Tall Girls" pictorial in the July '91 *Playboy*, she ran into photographer Suze Randall, who begged her to do a *Penthouse* feature.

Despite her "advanced age" of 31, Julie was voted Pet of the Year. She won cars, furs and money, traveled abroad and did celebrity covers with Charlie Sheen and Jay Leno. "I showed the world my pussy and grew a set of balls," Julie marvels. "I had a *come-fuck-me!* look on my face. I slowly evolved into the pinup model that was always trapped inside me. I wanted to be the ultimate woman. Nude modeling became my avenue."

Julie found her niche with filmmakers Andy and Arlene Sidaris, who cast her in *Fit to Kill* as an assassin named Blue Steel. "Andy made these great tits-and-ass action movies," Julie recalls. "Bombs, explosions, helicopters, machine guns and bikinis. And then the bikinis fall off. I often played an over-the-top sex machine who straddles the guys, pulls their hair, slaps 'em hard. I found my 'real' sexual self through those movies. Before that I was always a missionary-position-ten-minutes-and-it's-done kind of girl. Not now!"

Over the years, Julie continued to rack up a slew of low-budget horror films, among them *The Unnamable Returns*, *Sorceress*, *The Bare Wench Project*, *Witchcraft IV*, *Bleed*, *Delta Delta Die!*, *Killbillies*, *Blood Gnome* and *Toxic Avenger 4*. Onscreen slugfests and catfights became a regular duty on the set. "I've never punched anybody out in anger," she muses, "but when someone says, 'You can really hit me,' I ask, 'Really?' It's fun to have flesh connect with flesh."

Speaking of flesh on flesh, Julie remarks, "Surprisingly, I didn't encounter many casting couch situations. There was one famous director I won't name whom I dated for quite a while. I wasn't looking for a future casting payoff. I was just happy to get onto a studio lot, eat a catered lunch and hang out with him. He had the largest penis I've ever seen in my life! No wonder he wanted to share it!"

One of the actress's favorite gigs was playing "Judge Julie" on Playboy TV's *Sex Court*. "That was a wild, sexy, crazy, unbelievable show!" she giggles. "Late in the run we did fictional cases, but in the beginning the stories were real, like 'My Mom's a Stripper' and 'The Orgasmic Narcoleptic.' And I'd always have a harsh judgment for [the individuals involved]. I'd make them sexually reenact the scenario, but without penetration. One guy actually did penetration. They caught him and kicked him off the set. Guilty!"

As B-movie budgets shrank, Julie grew disillusioned with her film career: "I didn't want to be naked in front of people anymore. I was sick of wearing clothes and costumes on sets: tight waistbands, bras, earrings. I got depressed *(continued on page 89)*

MIA LINA & HEATHER STARLET

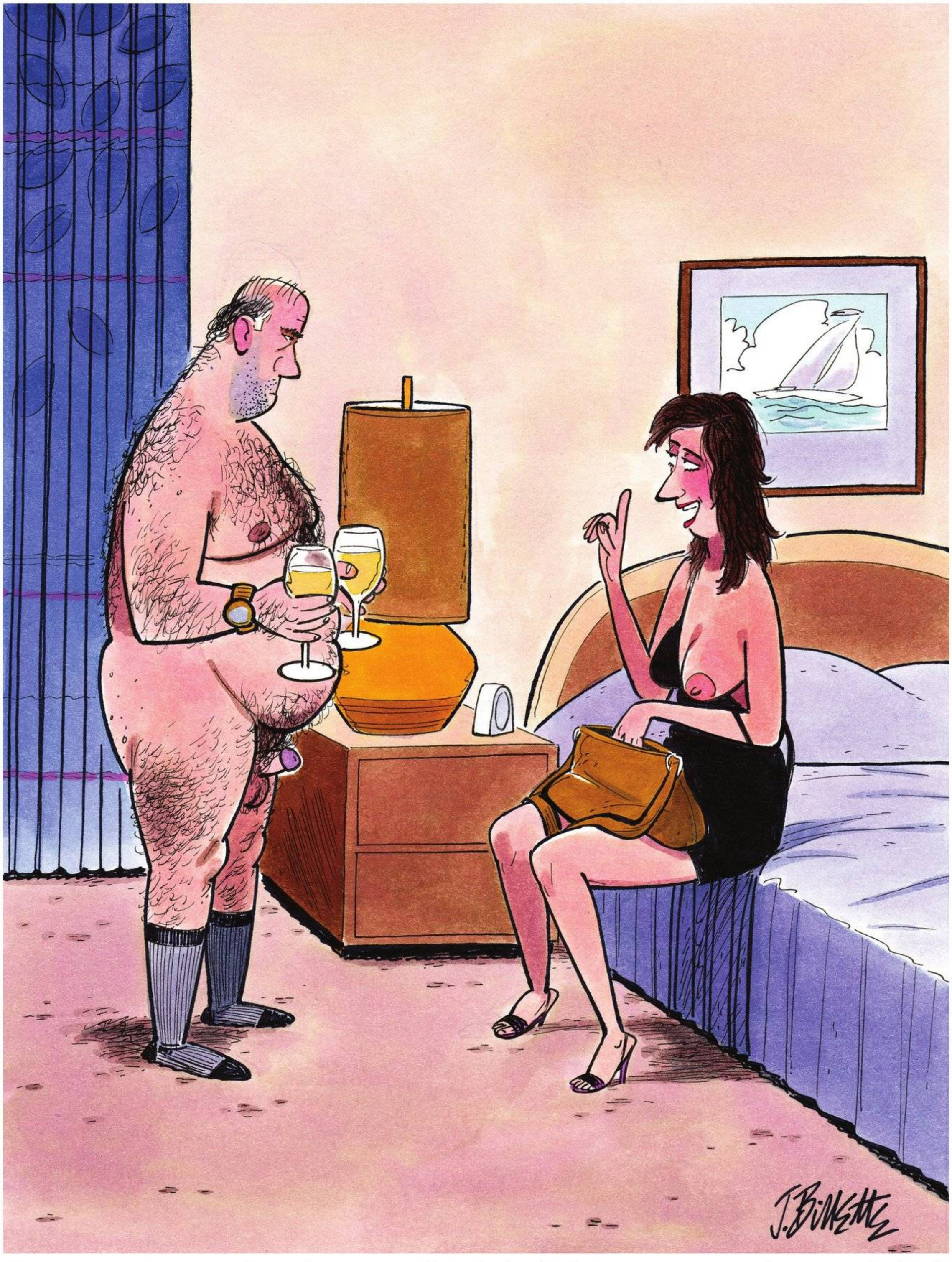
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

What is hotter than one barely legal beauty showing off her pink? How about two of them?

Heather Starlet is a onetime teen glamour model oozing with unquenchable lust. "Sex is my religion," the gorgeous blonde exults. "It's the only time you'll hear me scream for God." At age 18 she left Dayton, Ohio, and the mainstream world in favor of more ravenous ventures. Soon after moving to California, Heather was posing naked for adult Web sites, and now the nympho is doing hard-core movies. "I get to have sex all day with sexy people," **Heather** raves. "The weather in California is always nice, and I get paid! Don't you wish you had my life?"

Originally from Illinois, **Mia Lina** is a lusty Latina just out of her teens. “My dad was very over-protective and never let me date,” the uninhibited darling recalls. “The minute I got my own place, I made up for lost time.” Known for her tight body, shaved pussy and willingness to do anything and everything on film—including monster cocks—**Mia** is quickly making a name for herself in porn.

Heather Starlet and **Mia Lina** make a perfect pair.



"Just a sec. Let me take a date rape pill. I don't think I want to remember any of this."

THE DIRTY OF FOOD PART 3

Is a government agency in cahoots with the meat and dairy industries? Are corporate-financed propagandists churning out bogus assurances? Yes, warns our Science Editor-at-Large.

Profits are the unifying force behind our country's hazardous food. The famous food pyramid, devised by the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA), is one example of an outrageous conflict of interest. The pyramid affects school lunch programs, guidelines used by nutritionists and dietitians and recommendations for consumers. Yet even this all-American symbol of a healthy diet is rigged.

Selling the Public on an Unhealthy Diet: The USDA's food pyramid has six groups: grains, vegetables, fruits, oils, milk and meat/beans. Says one Harvard nutritionist, "Milk should not even have its own category, since there are many other sources of calcium."

Nonetheless, the agency's Food Pyramid Committee emphasizes a diet loaded with meat and dairy products. The reason? "The organizations in the government that set policy on the food pyramid and school lunches are loaded with people from the dairy and meat industry," says Robert Cohen, founder of the Dairy Education Board. For example,

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES

POLITICS

Eileen Kennedy sat on the Board of Directors at Dannon Yogurt and the USDA Food Pyramid Committee when Cohen testified before the government panel. Nearly every other member of the committee had a similar résumé.

Diet for a Small Planet: The pyramid people clearly endorse an animal-based, high-protein diet because of the powerful livestock lobby even though the ecologic and health benefits of a lower-protein diet are well-proven. Studies show that vegetarians are healthier and have lower risk of heart disease, diabetes, high blood pressure, dementia and many cancers. Adds Cohen: "We've blamed cholesterol; we've blamed polyunsaturated fats. The fact is it's the protein, not the fat, that causes arterial damage and heart disease."

When it comes to boosting profits, the food pyramid spells a golden opportunity for the mega-agricultural corporations. "School lunch programs are simply a disposal scheme for excess food by large agriculture," says food guru Michael Pollan. He urges getting the Department of Agriculture out of the school lunch business altogether. "We could offer kids healthy food and revive local agriculture by giving local suppliers $1 per child to supply school lunches," he suggests. It's not as difficult as it sounds. "Remember, a $20-billion organic food industry developed in the U.S. with no help at all from the government."

In addition to the health benefits of lower-protein diets, they also make excellent ecologic sense. With starvation a fact of life in so many parts of the world, better food policies are critical. One pound of steak has about 600 calories; one pound of whole oats has about 21,000 calories. Also, it takes 11 times more calories of fossil fuels to produce meat versus that used to produce grain. Meat production requires more energy but yields fewer calories.

In addition, according to the USDA, livestock takes up 80% of all our farmland and consumes 90% of all soy crops, 80% of corn and 70% of grain. Livestock also drenches our environment in a sea of animal waste and waste products, generating huge amounts of methane, nitrous oxide and other greenhouse gases.

Finally, transporting food to livestock also requires vast amounts of resources. Once the oil runs out and food supplies can no longer be hauled far distances, Pollan says ruefully, food will only be available locally.

BS.com: The foods we consume every day are loaded with additives and ingredients that have never even been sufficiently tested. This includes MSG, genetically modified foods and trans fatty acids. In its quest to keep us in the dark about food quality, the mega-corps have inevitably enlisted the Internet: For every toxic product on the market, there's a Web site with an official-sounding name assuring you that it's safe.

You don't have to dig deep to find these BS.coms. The American Council on Science and Health (ACSH.org) is an industry-funded group that exists solely to discredit unfavorable studies. Products it defended in 2008 include phthalates, found in children's toys and completely banned in California and elsewhere; bisphenol-A in baby bottles, linked to heart disease and diabetes by the *Journal of the American Medical Association*; pharmaceuticals in drinking water (see the June '09 HUSTLER); and lethal dioxins in meat. The organization offers no data to debunk these "scams."

The frontman for ACSH is Dr. Gilbert Ross, who in 1995 was sentenced to a 46-month prison term for defrauding New York State of $8 million in a Medicaid scheme. Although Gilbert continues to use the title of "doctor," he is no longer allowed to practice medicine. After his release, Ross signed on with ACSH, where he remains today. According to a *Mother Jones* article written by Bill Hogan in 2005, Ross enthusiastically attacks "noncorporate-sponsored work as junk science of questionable motives."

Rent-a-scam: ACSH is not unique. The Aspartame Information Service (Aspartame.info) will inform you that the artificial sweetener has been proven safe. The fine print at the

"Uncle Sam has once again filled our bank vault with millions of taxpayer stimulus dollars. Our problem, gentlemen, is how do we steal that money too?!"

"She's an old washed-up hooker, son. I guess this economy has forced her out of retirement."

bottom states that the site belongs to Ajinomoto, the world's leading supplier of aspartame ingredients.

The Council for Biotechnology Information's Web site (WhyBiotech.com) provides reams of soothing generalities on the safety and promise of genetically engineered food and products. If you search the site, you find it belongs to the biotech companies.

Other similar Web sites include the Agribusiness Freedom Foundation (AgribusinessFreedomFoundation.org), Alliance for Better Food (BetterFoods.org), American Beverage Association (AmeriBev.org), Canned Food Alliance (Mealtime.org), Food Security Network (FoodSecurityNetwork.org) and the Center for Consumer Freedom (ConsumerFreedom.com), to name a few.

The Center for Consumer Freedom claims, among other things, that there is no mercury in fish. Run by Rick Berman, the group "exposes" vegetarians, animal rights activists and Mothers Against Drunk Drivers. Berman is the winner of a lifetime achievement Falsies award from **SourceWatch.com**, an invaluable site that identifies corporate and industry fronts. Berman also runs AnimalScam.com, ObesityMyths.com, PETAkillsAnimals.com and CSPIscam.com. The Center for Science in the Public Interest is a favorite target of Berman's front groups because CSPI is a successful consumer advocacy group.

According to SourceWatch, the Center for Consumer Freedom does far more than just launch Web sites for its clients. For the right price it also lobbies, sends out press releases and advertises for corporate causes. When damning studies appear, Berman slips his rebuttals into mainstream newspapers. For instance, when the *Journal of the American Medical Association* showed that drinking soda increases the risk of diabetes, Berman could be found in the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* demonizing the study's scientists.

CCF's first client was Philip Morris. Under its original name of Guest Choice Network, the group launched a smokers' rights blitz for PM. According to SourceWatch, CCF has no membership or salaried employees, yet receives revenues in excess of $3.5 million. More than 40% of the group's expenditures reportedly go into Rick Berman's pockets.

So before you check on drug-laced drinking water, mercury-tainted fish and food additives that can kill you, put your source through the BS detector. Besides **SourceWatch.com** (which offers more than 41,000 antipropaganda articles), check with **FactCheck.org** and **MediaMatters.org** for independent information. If few or no details on membership or sponsorship are posted on a site, there's probably a reason for the shyness.

Debbie Epstein is an award-winning healthcare and science author who lives in Ringwood, New Jersey, with husband David, Wilbur the cat and Joe the Yorkie.

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

COUGARS UNLEASHED #8: Gillian Sloane

THIS MONTH: Gillian Sloane / AGE: 43
LOCATION: Carson City, Nevada
SEE HER AT: BunnyRanch.com

This column is dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

Meeting Gillian Sloane for the first time, you'd never guess she worked at a bordello. True, the voluptuous brunette simmers with sensuality, but she also emits intelligence, grace and charm. Those very qualities are what guys can expect from Gillian when they book a party with her at Dennis Hof's Moonlite BunnyRanch in Carson City, Nevada.

"Most of the men I spend time with at the Ranch are looking for a girlfriend experience," Gillian says. Given her natural, teardrop-shaped breasts, porcelain complexion and sexual savvy, she makes an ideal fantasy girlfriend.

It wasn't until the Long Island native was in her late 30s that she decided to pursue a career in erotic entertainment, starting off on the fringes as a phone sex operator. Once she mastered the art of verbal fornication, taking it to the physical level seemed to be an inevitable transition.

"Being a part of the adult industry has come naturally for me," adds Gillian, who's amazed that she had the mettle to become a working girl. "But age is a big part of this. I would have never done something like this 20 years ago."

Since joining Dennis Hof's stable of Bunnies, Gillian divides her time between the East Coast and Carson City. When not playing out carnal fantasies in jet-black lace teddies and thigh-high boots, she teaches classes in phone sex. The two endeavors seem to go hand in hand: Both involve the salacious fortysomething's skills in all things sexual.

The world-famous BunnyRanch is known for its array of beautiful, exotic and eager-to-please women. This month's cougar is no exception. For information on booking a party with Gillian, visit **BunnyRanch.com**.

If you are interested in being featured in our Cougars Unleashed column, please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

Burning Desire

Brittanys Bod was born for this. "I developed at a very early age," the luscious Lone Star Stater confides. "Men started to chase me when I was young. I always loved that attention. As I became a woman, I realized I'd probably end up posing nude at some point. After all, so many guys wanted to see me naked. How could I say no?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

BRITTANYS BOD

Now that the whole world is getting to see her mind-blowing bod, how does Miss **Brit** stay fit? “I work out like a demon every single day, running in the morning and hitting the gym in the afternoon. Then at night I have my favorite type of workout—sex! I’ve never been the kind of girl who just lies there. Sex for me is a physical event. I love to be on top and ride a man. As a girl growing up in Texas, I had a horse to ride every day. Now I don’t, so I have to find sturdy men to mount. That keeps me looking good.”

When we mention that she looks like Jane Krakowski from *30 Rock*, the top-heavy filly responds, "No one ever told me that, but a lot of people used to say I looked like Britney Spears. That was before she went off the deep end. Not anymore. Besides, I have a much better body than she'll ever have. I'm working on making a name for myself so that someday guys will confuse *her* with me. How cool would it be for someone to ask Britney Spears, 'Hey, aren't you **Brittanys Bod**?' That would be fun."

BRITTANYS BOD'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Houston | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 112

Grilling a man on trial for murder, a prosecutor hissed, "Let me get this straight. You came home from work, found your wife in bed with a stranger, pulled out a .357 Magnum and shot her to death?"

"That's correct," the defendant replied.

"So why did you shoot your wife instead of her lover?" the prosecutor queried.

"Gosh," the cheated-on hubby testified. "It seemed easier than shooting a different man every day."

Three generations of prostitutes—a fortyish redhead and her mother and grandmother—were chitchatting over breakfast. When asked about her previous evening's exploits, the redhead grumbled, "Last night was the pits. All I got was $20 for a blowjob, *and* I had to swallow the john's load."

"Damn, why are you bitching, girl?!" the mother exclaimed. "In my day we'd get only five bucks for a blowjob!"

"Land's sakes!" the crusty grandmother bellowed. "Remember the Great Depression? In my day we were just glad to get something warm in our stomachs!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *liquidity* as when you look at the current value of your shrinking retirement account and wet your pants.

Charlie called his boss to tell him he wouldn't be coming into work because he was sick. "Exactly how sick are you?" the boss snorted.

Charlie answered, "I'm in bed fucking my sister at the moment."

Right after Old Sadie's beloved cat died, she boarded a bus to take it to the pet cemetery outside town. Not sure of the rules for transporting deceased critters, she told the driver what she was up to. "I have a dead pussy," the biddy confided.

The bus driver spun around and pointed to a middle-aged passenger in the front row. "Sit with my wife," he barked. "You two have a lot in common."

As a schoolmarm was reading the story of the Three Little Pigs to her second-grade class, she came to the part of the story where the first pig was trying to gather building materials for his home: "And so the pig went up to the man with the wheelbarrow full of straw and said, 'Excuse me, sir, but may I have some of that straw to build my house?'"

The teacher paused, then asked the kids what they thought the man with the straw would say. Little Bobby raised a hand and guffawed, "Fuck me! A talking pig!"

Two extra-large condoms were strolling past a gay bar when one of them suggested, "Let's go in and get shitfaced!"

HUSTLER's three rules for senior citizens:

1. **Never pass up a bathroom.**
2. **Never waste a hard-on.**
3. **Never trust a fart.**

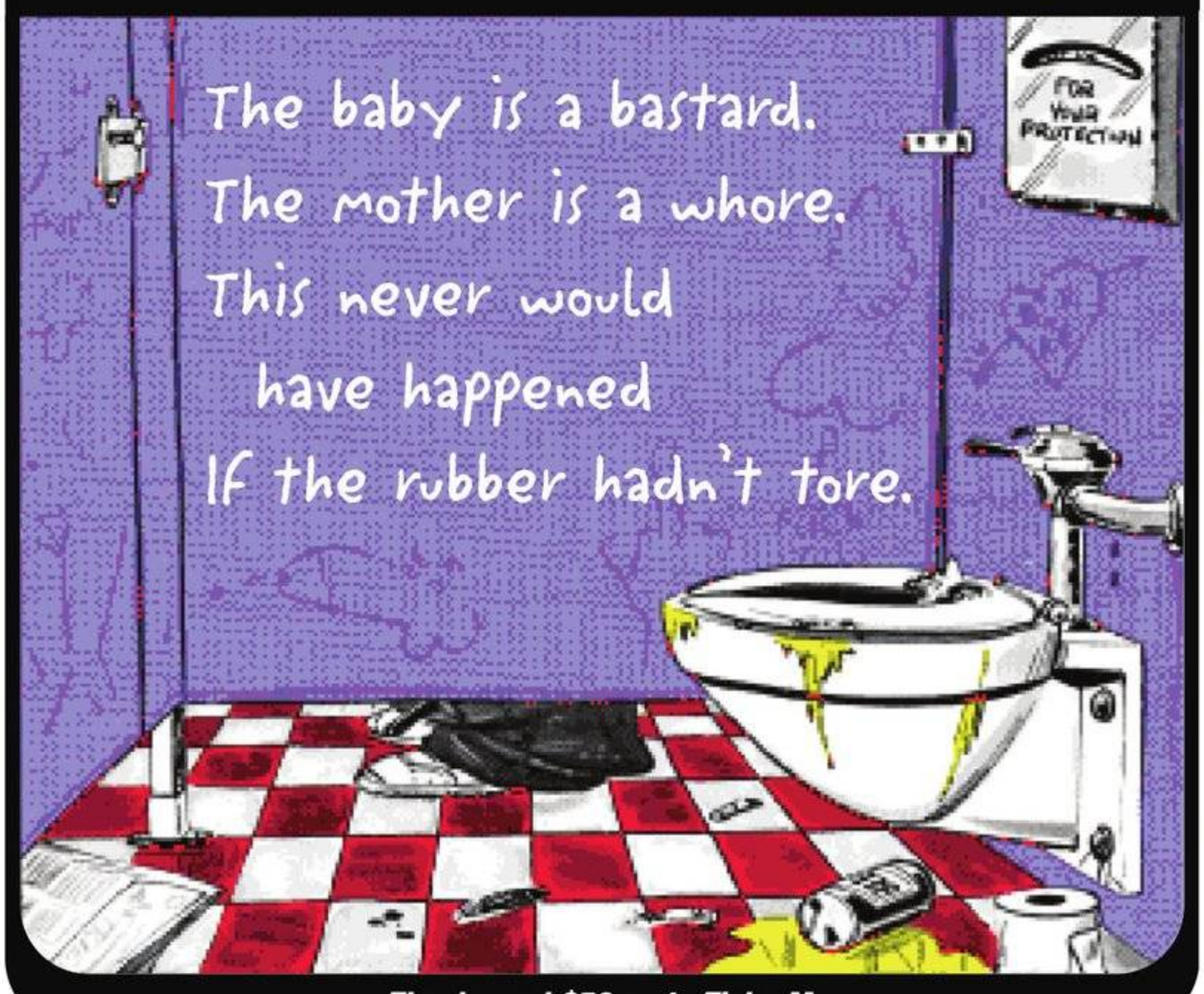
Bert went bar-hopping one night and ended up taking home a hot-to-trot blonde. Lying naked on his bed, the floozy watched as Bert removed his undershirt. "My, what a great chest you have!" she marveled.

"That's 200 pounds of dynamite, baby," the Lothario boasted.

As Bert pulled down his underpants, the blonde bolted out of the apartment, screaming like a maniac. When he caught up with her, Bert asked why she'd run off like a bat out of hell.

"Once I saw how short the fuse was," the chick explained, "I was afraid to be around all that dynamite!"

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Tisha M.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

(continued from page 62) even wearing false eyelashes—they were like airplanes on my face. I didn't even want to go to the Playboy Mansion anymore because you had to get so dolled up.

"That, and the last movie I did was so bad, such poor production quality. I showed up on this so-called location to find two guys in a hotel room with a camera the size of a keychain. They wanted me to do writhing and kissing scenes with them. And I didn't get paid for a year."

Julie's life changed dramatically again at a Los Angeles comic book store when she met Kevin Eastman, cocreator of *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*. Married for 13 years, Julie and Kevin collaborated on *Heavy Metal: F.A.K.K. 2*, a successful cinematic mix of sex, gore and sci-fi. Later, Julie posed for several *Vampirella* comic book covers and a trading card set that is her personal homage to Marilyn Monroe. She and Kevin recently parted but remain friends and live just blocks from each other.

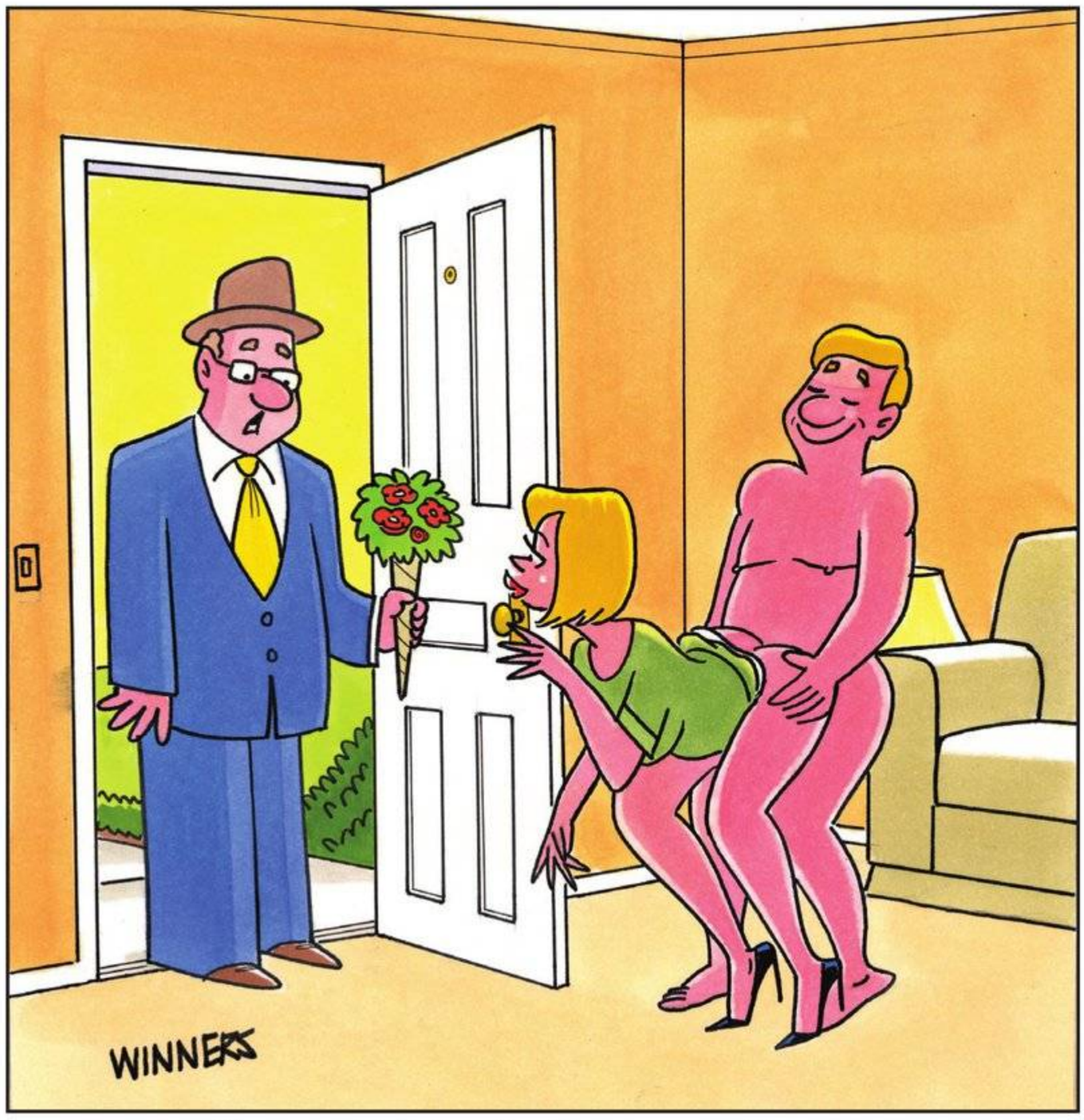
The oft-photographed Strain has also mastered the other side of the camera: "After seeing all my beautiful girlfriends laying naked in my backyard, I knew I had to capture those images. I just taught myself photography. Now my whole house is like a studio; there's at least 150 wigs, 100 pairs of shoes, 2,000 costumes—and a whole lot of attitude!"

In the meantime Julie compiled photos of herself and famous model-pals like Dita Von Teese and Mamie Van Doren into several published books: *It's Only Art If It's Well-Hung*, *Six Foot One and Worth the Climb*, *Nightmare on Pin-up Street* and *Julie Strain's Greatest Hits*. "The next title," she jokes, "may either be *Stop for a Rest Halfway Up* or maybe *68 and I Owe You One*."

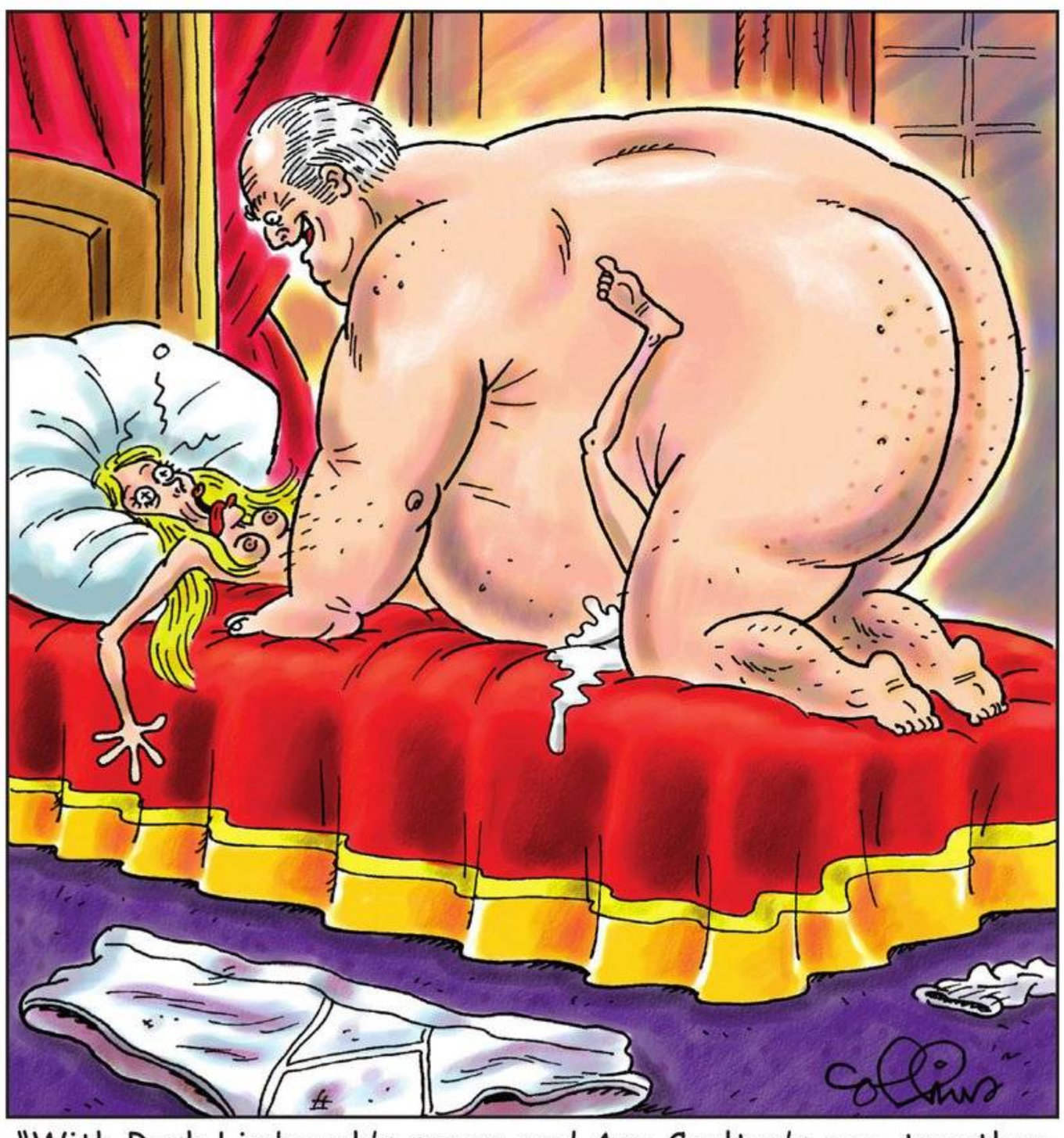
Although Julie is happy to be a stay-at-home mom with a two-year-old son, her vast body of work will not likely be lost to time. She continues to run her Web site (**JulieStrain.com**) and obliges fans who request free photos. "I still feel like a sex symbol," she says, "even when I'm at the gym or the grocery store, and I teasingly smile at everybody I meet."

Now the foxy fortysomething is a well-to-do suburban housewife, but she's hardly average: "When the weather's warm enough, I sneak out at three in the morning and walk topless through my neighborhood. That's my little thrill. It's so freeing." Well, after all, she's still Julie Strain.

Scream queen Brinke Stevens has appeared in over 100 horror, sci-fi and fantasy movies, including *Slumber Party Massacre*, *Teenage Exorcist*, *Bleed*, *Delta Delta Die!* and *Head Case*. The Southern Californian is also the inspiration, writer and publisher of the *Brinke of Destruction* comic book, producer/host of the video documentary series *Shock Cinema* and a screenwriter.



"You wouldn't be fucking some other guy behind my back, would you?"



"With Rush Limbaugh's sperm and Ann Coulter's egg, together we will produce the savior of the GOP! Ann? Ann?"

KEN MARCUS:

What does a men's magazine photographer do when he "retires"? Why, he takes more pictures of naked women, of course.

Ken Marcus spent a lifetime shooting everything from landscapes to lesbians, ultimately establishing his reputation in the pages of *Penthouse* and *Playboy.* Now a contributor to our twisted sister magazine, HUSTLER'S TABOO, the 62-year-old Californian still devotes around three days a week to his craft, rendering memorable erotic images that have taken his vast, inimitable portfolio to a new level.

Having first picked up a camera at age five, Marcus was only 13 when he began studying with legendary photographer Ansel Adams, whose black-and-white panoramas of the American West remain unsurpassed. Marcus's professional rise in the 1960s paralleled a loosening of social restrictions. "I was rather shy around women," he recalls. "A girlfriend introduced me to the artwork of [Victorian painter] Gustav Klimt. I was struck by an image he had done of two women together. From that inspiration, I got interested in doing nude photography with the idea of exploring relationships between people." Experimental work soon led to commercial assignments in the erotic art field.

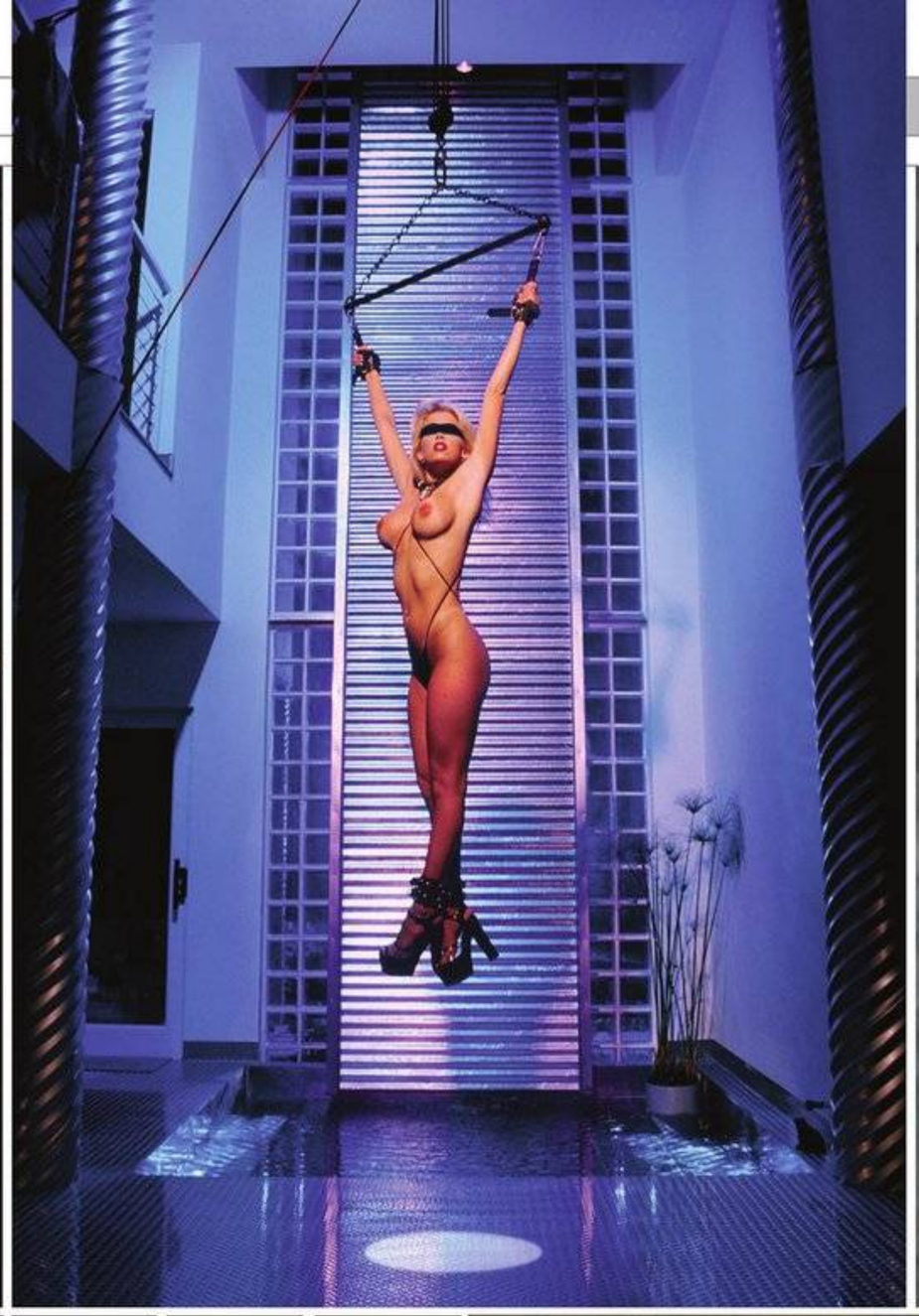
Marcus's glamorous centerfold photography garnered numerous awards, paid handsomely and made him famous. In the meantime he also

PHOTOS BY KEN MARCUS

LONGTIME LENSMAN SWITCHES FROM SO

BY TED NEWSOM

KEN MARCUS



MARKS THE SPOT

shot covers for magazines such as *Muscle & Fitness* and provocative calendars for NAPA auto parts, Snap-on tools and other clients. After two decades of soft-focus babes and sweaty beefcake, Marcus stripped down to basics—so to speak—going into a specialized market: kink.

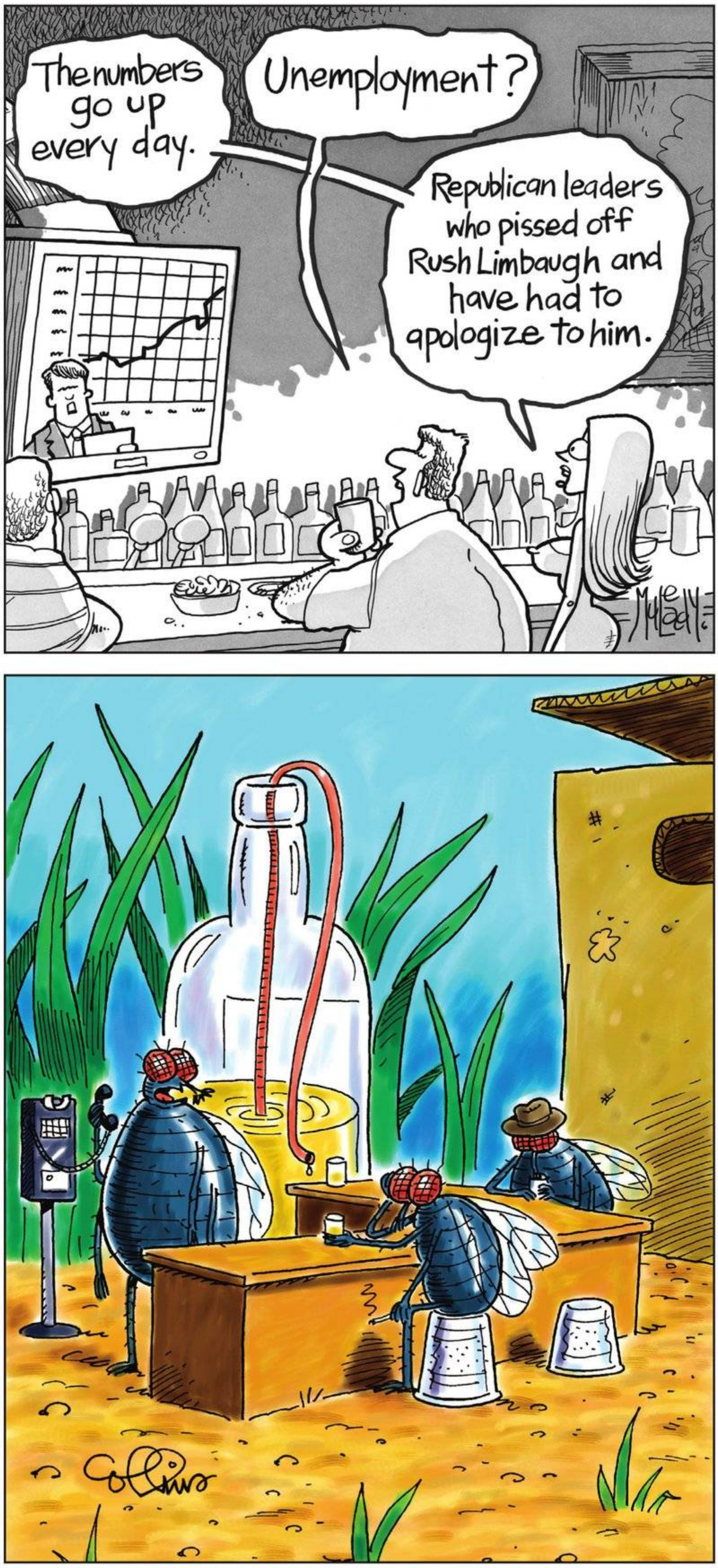
KenMarcus.com represents the veteran shutterbug's current focus—erotic but edgy, sometimes diving directly into the B&D pool, but often dancing gingerly around the edges. "The new work I've been doing has involved bondage, fetish and nude models," Marcus explains. "I enjoy working with ballet dancers, body builders, performance artists, athletes and others involved in bodily self-expression and alternative lifestyles."

When it comes to B&D, Marcus is especially picky about capturing "the real thing" on film. "They [models] have to trust you enough to reveal who they are and how they want to be portrayed. You can take a beautiful model and put her into fetish gear, but if it's not 'her,' you end up with something as dull as a Sears catalog shot. If she doesn't relate to it sexually, why bother?"

On the other hand, if she's into it…well, see for yourself.

Oregon native Ted Newsom cowrote the original *Spider-Man* screenplay and has directed several video documentaries, notably *Flesh and Blood: The Hammer Heritage of Horror* and *Ed Wood: Look Back in Angora.*

FT-FOCUS GLAMOUR TO KINKY EROTICA.


The numbers go up every day.
Unemployment?
Republican leaders who pissed off Rush Limbaugh and have had to apologize to him.

"It's your wife. She wants you to stop on your way home and pick up some shit."

(continued from page 56) There's not a particular godfather. There are just enormously wealthy people who avoid the limelight. They can sit down with somebody like a Bush and ask, "What are you going to do about so-and-so?"

Has the Bush family been primarily motivated by money or ideology?

I don't think it's money, and I don't know if it's ideology. My sense is there's some sort of justification in their minds that they are somehow better than the rest of us, that were it not for them, civilization would go down the drain. This enables them to justify the fact that they get all of these privileges—and they're able to live extremely well—to get all kinds of advantages through insider connections: legacy admissions to the best schools, the government contracts. They see themselves as the saviors of civilization.

How much influence do the power elites have over Obama?

The intelligence agencies view every President as a temporary occupant of the White House and as somebody who should not be given free rein to do whatever they want. I am told that this manifests itself in an effort by the intelligence agencies to seed the White House with as many of their covert operatives as possible.

Many people on Nixon's staff seemed to have intelligence connections. Obama will be facing this problem too. They will be trying to get their people in there. They will be watching him very closely; his range of movement is limited.

We saw that with Bill Clinton. He became very friendly with George H.W. Bush. He didn't institute many significant reforms of the military even with the so-called peace dividend after the end of communism. He didn't make substantive efforts to rein in the CIA or to control its abuses.

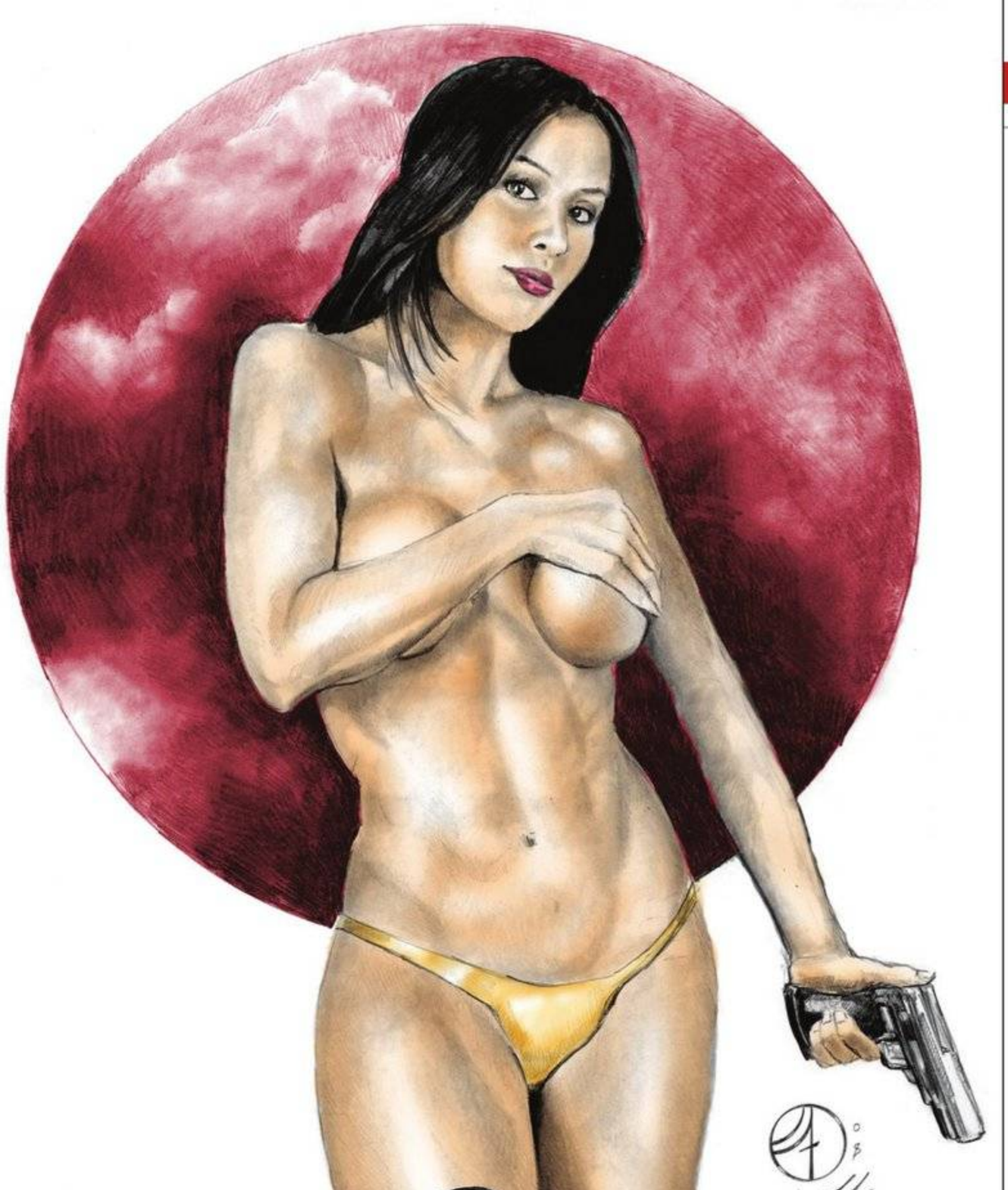
Obama may find himself in the same position: trying to do what he can but severely constrained by these forces.

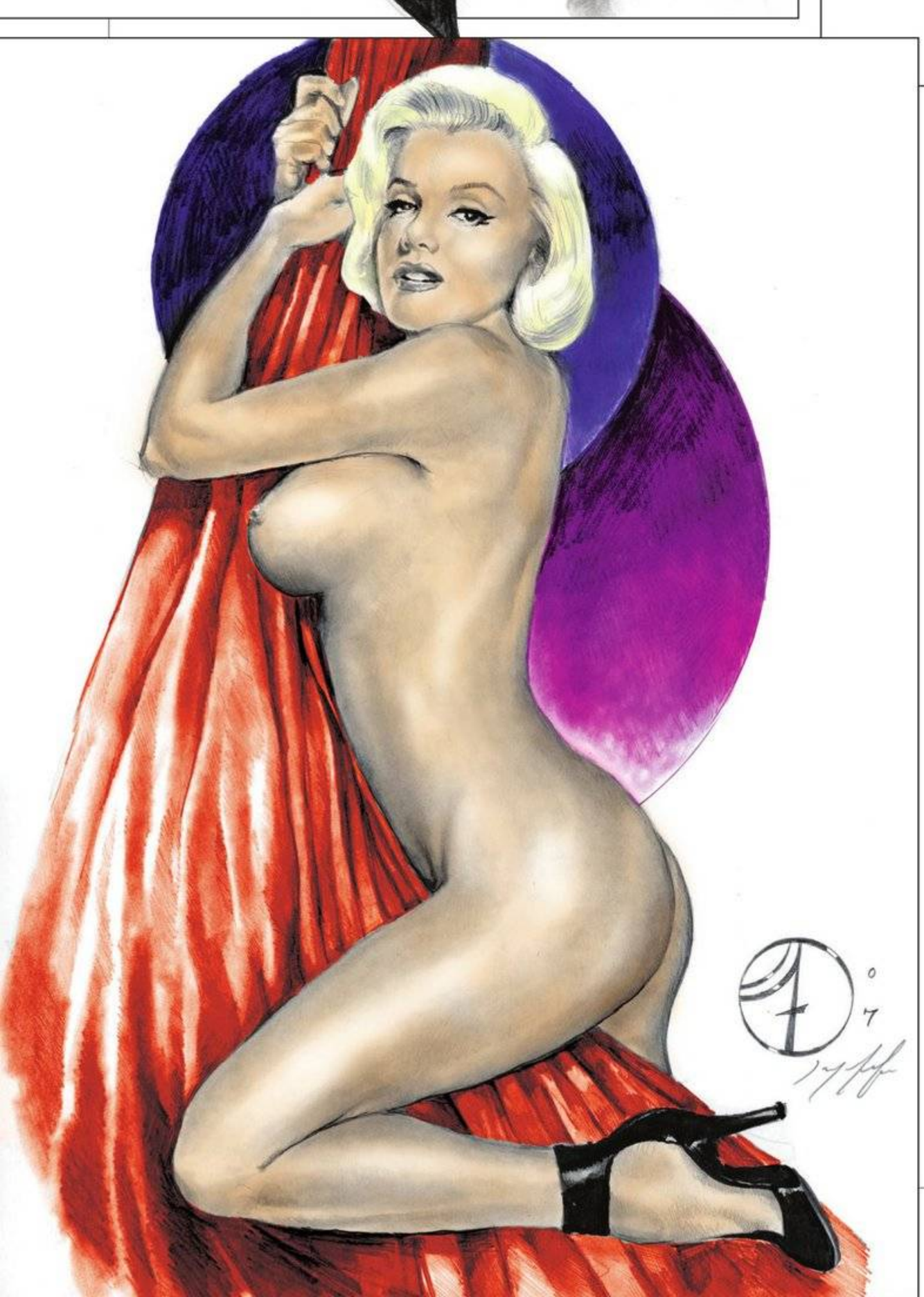
Are we seeing the end of the Bush dynasty, or is it going to keep going?

I suspect they're going to keep going. It's entirely possible that Jeb could be a formidable Presidential candidate, if not in 2012, then eight years from now. His own son is apparently pursuing a political career in Texas; they have cousins who are active. I think you'll see Bushes involved in politics for years to come. But it's not just about the Bushes. This is about all these other people who are part of the power construct that I lay out in *Family of Secrets*.

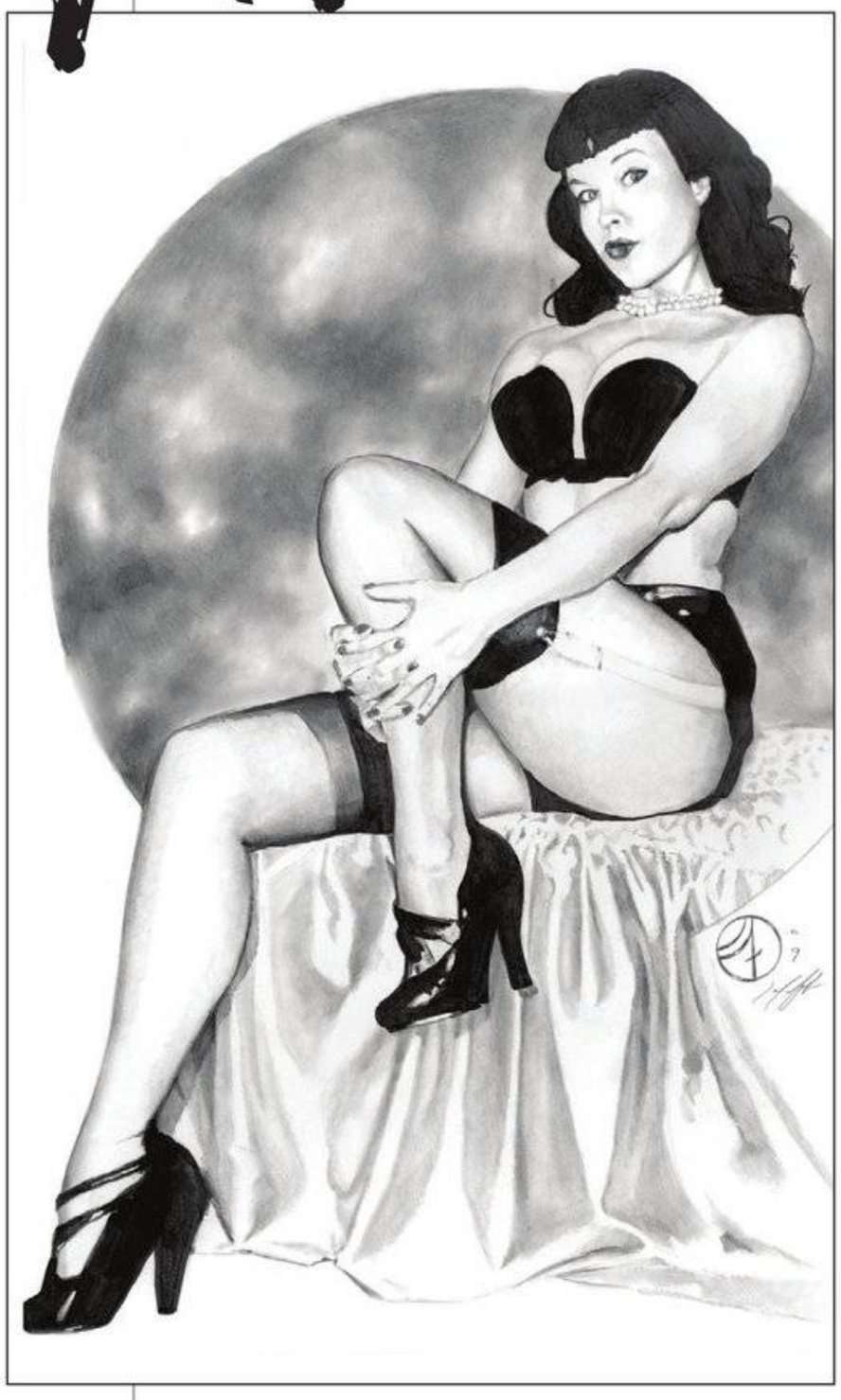
More information about *Family of Secrets: The Bush Dynasty, the Powerful Forces That Put It in the White House, and What Their Influence Means for America* can be found at FamilyofSecrets.com.

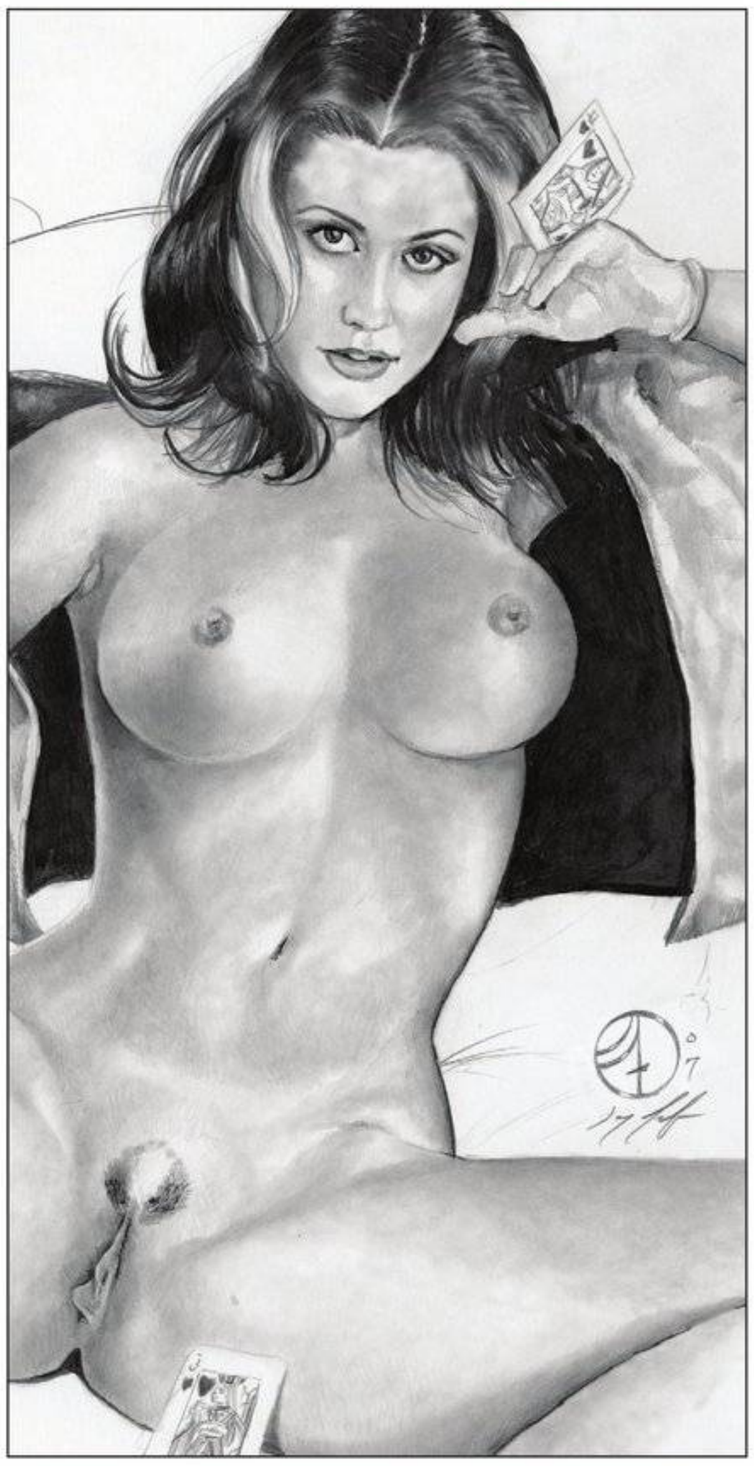
"Thanks, Rush, you fat bastard! He failed!"





JAY FIFE Master of Fantasy Pinups

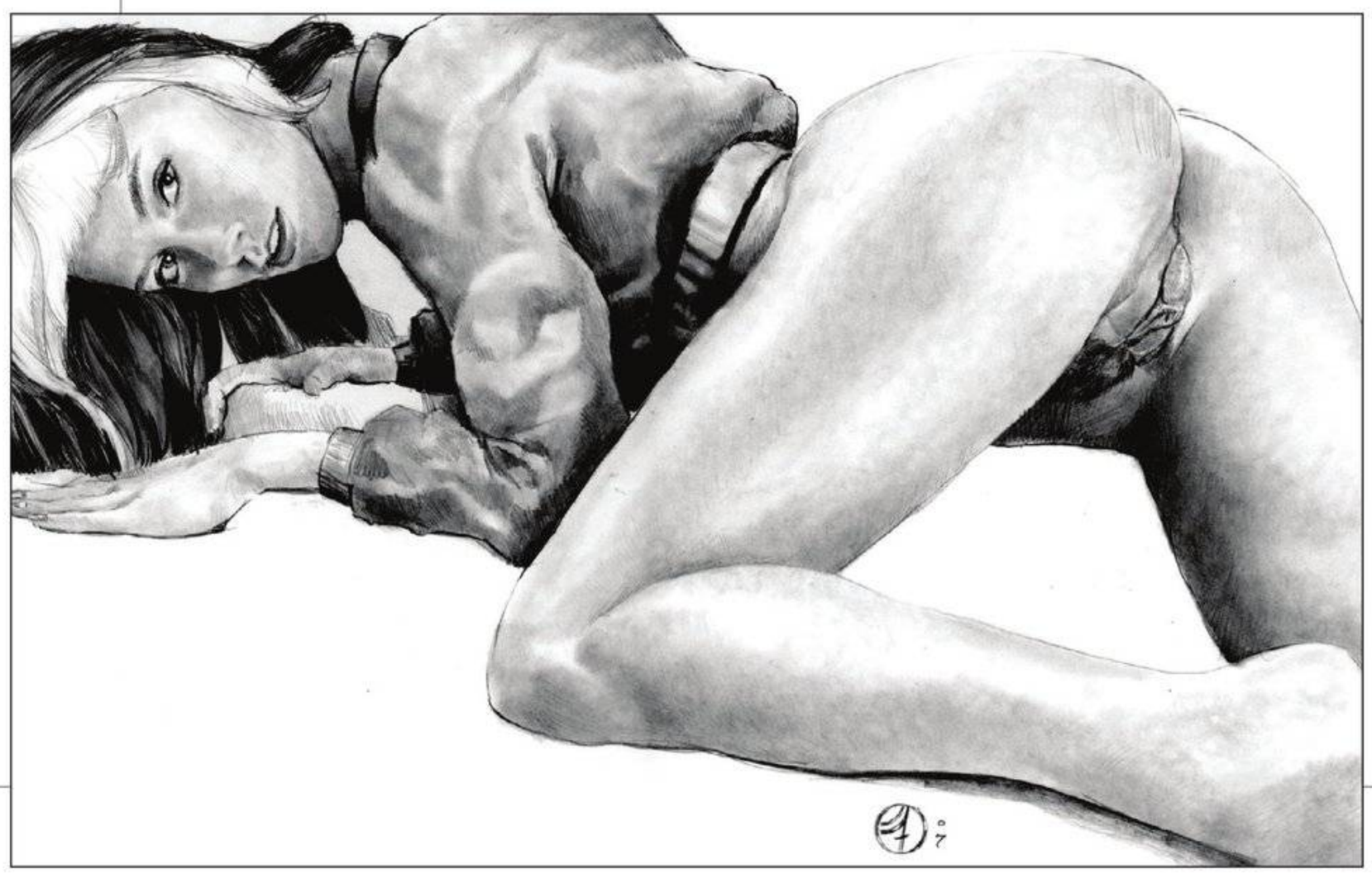


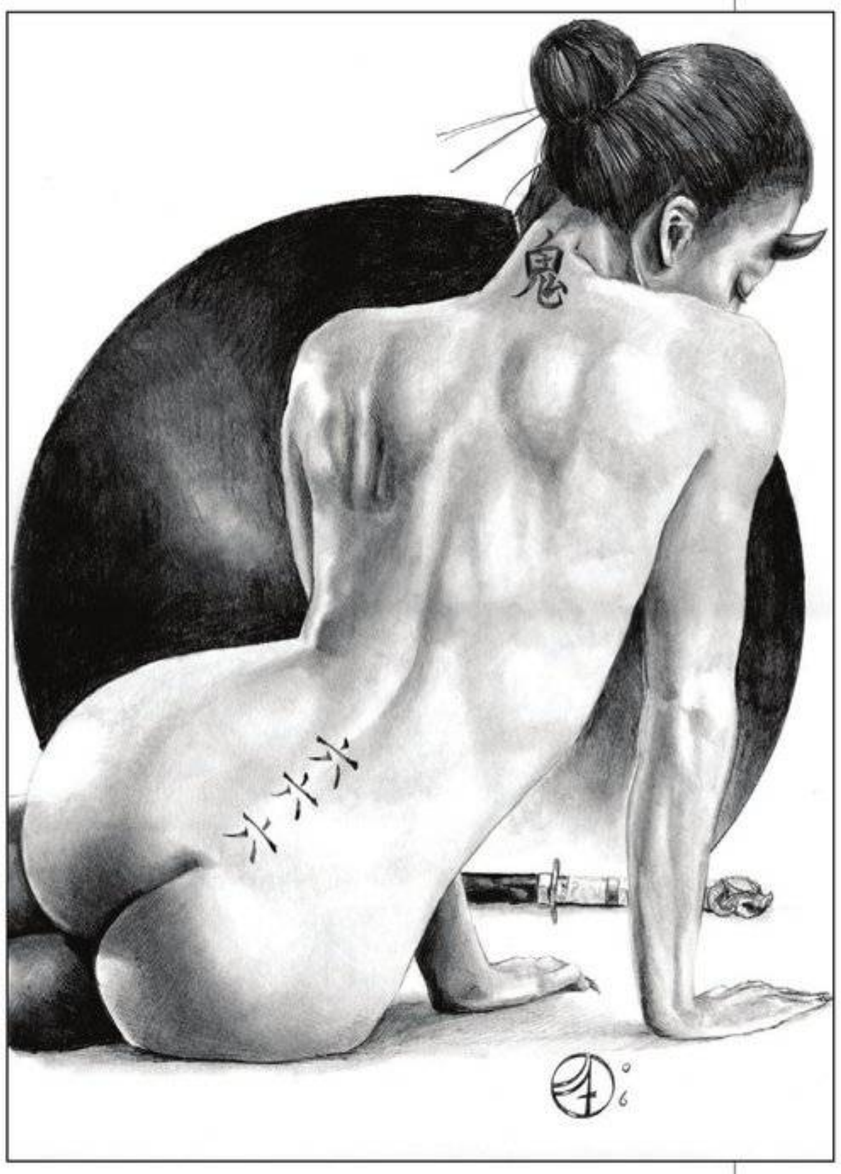


Following in the footsteps of pinup legends Antonio Vargas, Gil Elvgren and Harry Ekman, Jay Fife has gained fame as a truly remarkable illustrator. Inspired by a lifelong interest in female beauty, the Upper Ohio Valley denizen has produced thousands of portraits depicting breathtaking women, scantily clad superheroes and tantalizing otherworldly creatures.

As is quite apparent, Fife's distinctive creations reflect a wide of range of influences: comic books, graphic novels, sci-fi and monster movies, television shows and vintage skin magazines. Rendered primarily with pencil, his works have been featured in the anthology *SafeWords 2007* (Bad Place Publications), *Cold Blooded Chillers*, *Pin-Up Magazine for Architectural Entertainment* and *Zonetrooper* magazine. In addition, his amazing artistry has graced the covers of several publications, notably the neo-Victorian horror mag *The Willows* and Pickle Press's adult comic thriller *Dare*.

For more, visit **JayFife.com**.





FLASHBACK FAVES

Catching Up With 1980s Music Stars

BERLIN'S Terri Nunn

We caught up with the still-hot-as-hell singer to discuss having sex with a country star, almost being Princess Leia and rockin' the '80s with hits like "No More Words," "Sex (I'm a…)" and "Take My Breath Away."

HUSTLER: Take us back to Berlin's early days.

TERRI NUNN: The band started in 1977 without me. They had another singer named Toni Childs. I was in the band from 1979 to 1980, and then I went back to television and did a couple of shows. Then [in 1981] John [Crawford], my partner in Berlin, called me and said, "You know, I seem to have something. Maybe we can do some demos and try to get a deal."

Is it true that you auditioned for the Princess Leia role in *Star Wars*?

Yes. It was George Lucas in a warehouse with Harrison Ford sitting in deck chairs. We sat and read the script of something that it wasn't yet. You can see my screen test. They stuck it on the 25th-anniversary edition of the *Star Wars* DVD. You can see how ridiculous I looked. I looked 12. Harrison looked 15. He was totally bored with me and all of it. He was just sitting back (*in bored monotone*), "Yeah, R2D2, grab the Vader."

I'm all excited: "Yes! You have to hurry! It's coming! We're going to die!" I didn't know what the fuck I was saying. I didn't know what a Darth Vader was or an R2D2. I'm glad I didn't get the part, because that would have been the end of any music career for me.

Were you a singer who could act or an actress who could sing?

Well, I made my living on television, so that's how it started. But I didn't really want to be an actor. The crossroads for me was a TV show called *Dallas*. The show was just starting, and they offered me a seven-year contract to play the role of Lucy that Charlene Tilton went on to play. I didn't have to audition. They just said, "Do you want it?" I was 17, and my feeling was either acting is going to be my life, or I have to try this music thing. In those days you couldn't do both; you didn't have folks like Jennifer Lopez. It was one or the other. Nobody bought you as both. I had to make a choice, so I turned down the *Dallas* thing.

Your biggest hit, "Take My Breath Away," was first offered to the Motels. Have you ever thanked lead singer Martha Davis for only recording the demo?

Thanks for sucking on that song, because it changed my life. (*Laughs.*) I've seen her many times. She's great. She sang it too much like it was originally written, and I didn't. That's what saved me. We didn't need to do the song because Berlin was doing well at the time. We loved the song's writer, Giorgio Moroder. We were working with him on "No More Words," and one song was all we could afford him for. He was a huge producer at the time. He was doing that, and this came along. He brought me in three times to redo it. He said: "Just do the melody. That's what people want, and that's what they remember." I thought, *This is gonna blow. Nobody is going to hear this.* It was number one. I got lucky.

Why do you think it was such a huge hit?

There was the romance factor to it. I had no love life. I hadn't had sex in four years when I sang that song. For me it was like, "God, just imagine feeling like this for somebody and having a real guy in my life with love and a relationship. That would be so great." So there is a sadness to my voice because I was so lonely.

What is your favorite memory from the 1980s?

I think what epitomized it was the US Festival in 1983. That day was the biggest concert that I had ever been to and had ever played at the same time. U2, the Pretenders, David Bowie, Joe Walsh and Stevie Nicks were all playing on our day. Getting to play and see this in front of 250,000 people was the ultimate balls-to-the-wall 1980s, "let's spend money and do drugs and listen to music" party. That was what the '80s were like. That kind of excess doesn't happen anymore, and it's okay.

How did you feel when the original Berlin broke up in 1987?

It was awful. The band was like a marriage without sex. The split was like a divorce. The last year of the band was a year of not even really speaking to each other. John and I were going in different directions of what we wanted to do. He wanted to keep doing what we'd been doing. I wanted to try new things.

Looking back, we were both right if we could have compromised. Both of us were saying, "We've had success, and it was because of *me!* You're fucked up! You don't know what you're doing. You should be following what *I'm* doing!"

By the time we did the last tour, we weren't even speaking. We opened for Frankie Goes to Hollywood in Europe. That was our first European tour, playing stadiums. It was huge for us. We were so lucky to get something like that, but we didn't really enjoy it because we hated each other. I had been doing it for eight or nine years and wanted to

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

do something different. I didn't know what. We were tired and had no life. I had no sex.

What made you decide to revive Berlin with new members?

Getting excited again about what I could do with it. I had lost the thread and didn't know what to do with electronic music. Then other bands like Garbage, Sneaker Pimps and Nine Inch Nails picked up the thread. They were taking it in directions musically that fascinated me. Technology was allowing us to do onstage what we could do in the studio. Wow!

I now run an entire show from a computer that includes video content, audio and all kinds of tracks going. It's anything you want, and that makes it fun. The least favorite part of my job is recording stuff. It's boring. Spending four hours to get the drum sound right? I don't give a fuck. I just want to get onstage and play with everybody. That's my orgasm.

Berlin is part of the Regeneration 09 Tour. Is there a competitiveness or camaraderie between the bands?

There is competitiveness, but it's mostly camaraderie because you're different bands with different fans. That's why I like being part of any package. Those tours to me are worth it. You get a little taste of different bands, 45 minutes of a band I wouldn't normally see. I've always been a big fan of that.

What original Berlin songs do you most enjoy performing?

I still enjoy "The Metro" a lot. It's a really unique sound now—even for me. And "Sex…" because I can be whatever I want that night. I can change it up.

Are there any songs you wish you didn't have to do?

I've always thought "No More Words" was a little poppy. We kind of did that as a robotic song. Then Giorgio came in and turned it into more of a pop anthem. That always pissed me off a little bit. But people like to hear it, so that's okay with me.

What else are you working on?

We just recorded a CD/DVD live at the House of Blues.

Do you have any groupie stories?

There are more stories for the guys in the band. Like once I walked in on John, and he had a girl on every single limb. Girls are just shameless. They will do anything. Guys don't have that kind of freedom. Okay, here's mine. (*Laughs.*) We played a Nashville festival, and there was this gorgeous country star. I can't say the guy's name because I think he was married at the time.

He was on one stage, and we were on another stage nearby. I had time before our show, so I watched him. This guy was my type: dark hair, a hairy chest, real cute. When we played on our stage, something blew up, and flames started coming out of one of the PAs. Someone yelled, "Get off the stage!" I ran to the front of the stage, and who was there but this country guy. I jumped into his arms, and that was the beginning of the night with him. He ended up in my hotel room.

The funny thing is, the morning after we had sex, I had an abscess in a tooth that blew my face up. So when I woke up, half of my face looked like I had a softball in it. That's what he woke up to. He couldn't get out of there fast enough. (*Laughs.*)

What is the best part of being Terri Nunn from Berlin in 2009?

It's nice to have the wisdom of being older but to have the energy to still get out there and do it. That's what I wish for. I don't want to be younger, because I don't want that brain. I was an idiot. I know a little more than I did then. They say that youth is a gift and that age is an art, and it's true. That's what I like about me in 2009. I love having that combination still. ■

The Dirty Dozen

TWELVE NEW DISCS YOU NEED

DEPECHE MODE
Sounds of the Universe

Some things are better with age: wine, cheese, Depeche Mode. Their 12th CD is full of dark, goth and maudlin pop we've come to expect from the synth pioneers. Highlights include "Wrong," "In Chains" and "Fragile Tension."

THE LONELY ISLAND
Incredibad

The only reason to watch *Saturday Night Live* these days is Andy Samberg, the driving force behind this comedy trio. The CD and bonus DVD feature some hilarious tunes, including the breakout hits "Dick in a Box" and "Jizz in My Pants."

MASTODON
Crack the Skye

This one goes way the fuck beyond 11! Mastodon delivers hard-hammering rock 'n' roll in the vein of early Alice in Chains with devastating results. "Oblivion," the first single, is a kick-out-the-jams blast of well-tuned metal.

NEKO CASE
Middle Cyclone

The red-headed alternative country chanteuse's breathy delivery on songs like "I'm an Animal" and "Prison Girls" will have you gasping for air. Neko Case's voice and writing talents are on par with the queen of the genre herself: Lucinda Williams. We even dare to say Case is up with the elite of storytelling singers: Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen and Steve Earle.

STEVE KILBEY
Painkiller

As the lead singer of Australian dream pop rockers the Church, Steve Kilbey can hypnotize with a word. His first solo record in seven years features the moody psychedelic pop that has become his trademark. *Painkiller* also sets the stage for a brand-new CD from the Church.

MARTY WILSON-PIPER
Nightjar

Not to be outdone by his bandmate, Church guitarist Marty Wilson-Piper has released his own solo CD. Proving that Wilson-Piper is the McCartney to Kilbey's Lennon, *Nightjar* is full of catchy, jangly, well-crafted pop. *(continued on page 98)*

LES CLAYPOOL: Wizard of Odd

Primus frontman Les Claypool stopped by HUSTLER recently to discuss why he's so odd, his latest CD (*Of Fungi and Foe*) and buying a car from Sarah Palin.

HUSTLER: Do you consider yourself an oddball genius?

LES CLAYPOOL: It's more *oddball peen-is*. That's what I've heard more often. I think the oddball portion of that is fairly accurate. I think it depends on your perspective. The oddballs that I admire don't think I'm overly odd. The normal folk that regularly watch *American Idol* probably think I'm pretty out there.

Tell us about the Oddity Faire.

I'm doing this mini-festival I'd been wanting to do for a long time now. So for me being odd, I was that guy who was always looking for what was different and unique—even when I was a kid. If I could have gone to a performance where the Residents and Public Image Limited played with Captain Beefheart and Zappa on one bill, I would have gladly handed over my 20-some-odd bucks to be there. For this tour I've assembled quite a few like-minded individuals. It's for the freaks, by the freaks as much as possible.

Do you worry that the public might mistake your wit for being a comedy or novelty act like Weird Al?

I've been asked many times in the past, "Are you ever concerned people are not going to take you seriously?" I would say "No, no!" Then my song "Wynona's Big Brown Beaver" came along. That was just a funny little song written for a Primus record. People were drawn to it, and it ended up being everywhere. All of a sudden it was kind of a drag not being taken seriously. That was a little tough. To be honest, I don't really give a shit anymore. I do my own thing. I have my own record label and can make a living doing this.

Is Primus still an active band?

We keep talking about making a record again at some point. We've been talking for a long time. It hasn't happened yet. We did some shows last year [2008] that were fun, a couple of festivals. We had a good time. It's really enjoyable to address it every so often, but at this point I'm really into what I'm doing.

Over the last ten years I've made more records on my own than Primus has ever made. At this point Primus is one of my side projects. Primus is one of those things that we get together and do it because we want to do it—not because there is this wad of cash hanging out in front of us. We want to do it because it's fun.

Who's the better bass player: you, Larry Graham or Bootsy Collins?

Both of them are far superior to me. That's Larry Graham and Bootsy Collins; those are monsters. The thing is too, they are both very different from each other. I'm a good smoke-and-mirrors guy. There are these bassists out there who are the Michael Jordans of the instrument. I'm the Evel Knievel of the bass. Sometimes I make it over the fountain and sometimes I don't.

Your new CD includes songs about mushroom men and a red state girl. Which of the two is scarier?

I would say red state girl is more of a frightening thought to me. Sarah Palin gets mentioned a couple of times in the tune. I'm sure Sarah Palin is this glorious human being, and I'd be more than happy to buy a Ford Taurus from her, but the notion of someone like that at the helm of the country baffles me. How could anyone think that's a decent idea, let alone a good idea?

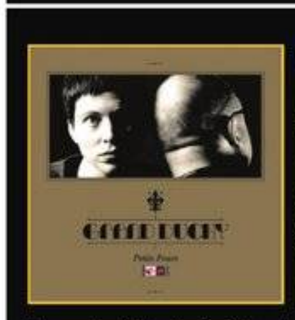
You would buy a car from Sarah Palin, but would you fuck her?

If I was a single man? Quite possibly. But I have not been a single man for a long time, so it's hard for me to comment on that. ■

PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

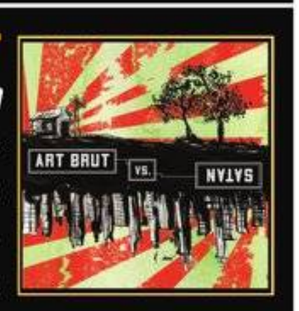
KELLY CLARKSON
All I Ever Wanted
The *American Idol* winner did a brave thing on her previous disc: She struck out on her own by writing all the material. Sadly, that daring move didn't pay off. For *All I Ever Wanted* the songbird ran back into the arms of the corporate machine. The results are unremarkable except for "My Life Would Suck Without You."



GRAND DUCHY
Petits Fours
Putting your wife in the band is always a questionable proposition. Pixies frontman Black Francis (a/k/a Frank Black) and lovely Violet Clark prove that not all husband-and-wife musical teams have to sound like Captain & Tennille. This CD doesn't rock as hard as the Pixies, but it does roll.

THE DISCIPLINES
Smoking Kills
As leader of the Posies, Ken Stringfellow earned the moniker "Prince of Power Pop." Joined by three dudes from Norway, he and his new band jettison the love songs for some balls-to-the-wall *rawk*.

CAMERA OBSCURA
My Maudlin Career
It's hard to describe the music of Camera Obscura, which blends elements ranging from the doo-wop of '50s groups to 1980s keyboard-driven rock. Led by vocalist Tracyanne Campbell, Camera Obscura's latest disc is a happy, hook-layered party. We said happy hook.



ART BRUT
Art Brut vs. Satan
The singer doesn't sing; he speaks his way through rambling narratives about alcoholism, stalking and sex. The music is punky pop songs that are short and to the point and just inches away from brilliance.

BOB MOULD
Life and Times
The onetime Hüsker Dü frontman sings with the urgency and excitement of a guy half his age. This is Mould's (and perhaps rock's) second-greatest solo CD ever. At this point the living alternative music god could easily rest on his laurels, but instead he pushes forward with this astounding new release.

Tony Clifton: "Not Andy Kaufman!"

FIGURE COURTESY JAKKS PACIFIC

Tony Clifton is a fictional character created by the late comic genius Andy Kaufman. Or is he? The obnoxious lounge lizard persona served as the *Taxi* star's abrasive alter ego at the height of his fame. As depicted in the movie *Man on the Moon*, Clifton was also portrayed by Kaufman's best friend, Bob Zmuda. So who are we talking to 25 years after Kaufman's confirmed death? We have no idea.

HUSTLER: Are you finally ready to admit that you're really Andy Kaufman?

TONY CLIFTON: I will never admit that, and if these two beautiful girls weren't here right now sitting on my lap, and if I didn't have my hand up this one's ass right here, I would walk out. I'm insulted by that question. But you do know how to set a guy up. (*Laughs.*) There has been much confusion about this due to *Man on the Moon*.

Yes, the biographical film about you, Andy Kaufman.

Andy Kaufman is dead as a doornail! People come to my show, and they yell out for Andy Kaufman. You know what I say to them? I say: "You wanna see Andy Kaufman? Then get yourself a shovel and a flashlight! That guy is dead!"

Why do so many people think you're Kaufman?

In 1969 Kaufman hitchhiked to Vegas because he was a big fan of Elvis Presley. He snuck into the building to see Elvis. After they threw him out, he went downtown to old Vegas, where I was performing, and he saw me. A few years later he becomes the hottest cabaret act in New York City by doing an impression of me.

I'm walking down the street in Vegas, and people are saying, "Hey, Tony, congratulations. I hear you're playing Carnegie Hall in New York." I think it's some kind of fucking joke. Then someone shows me the fucking *New York Times*, and they have these ads that read "Andy Kaufman at Carnegie Hall with opening act Tony Clifton." That's me, but nobody contacted me! I say, "What the fuck is this about?!"

Kaufman was so smitten by me, he's impersonating me at Carnegie Hall to open the show. At this point I don't have much money. He's got the Jew attorneys. I got nothing against the Jews; they know how to make money. But those fucking bastards tried to rip me off. Guess what I got myself? A Jew lawyer.

Was it you who made appearances on David Letterman's show?

It was me on *Letterman*. They all thought it was Andy Kaufman. When you see those three appearances, you see Letterman sitting there thinking I'm Andy Kaufman. Letterman has his head up his ass. Kaufman was home laughing.

Did you ever appear with Andy Kaufman?

There is a scene in *Man on the Moon* where Tony Clifton did three weeks at Harrah's casino in Tahoe with Andy Kaufman. That never happened. What did happen was I played there for three weeks, and every night this beautiful showgirl would come see me. She thought I was Kaufman. I fucked her brains out for three fucking weeks.

I told Andy about this. The showgirl wanted my number in L.A., so I gave her Andy's number. Two weeks later she's in L.A. and calls Andy. He calls me all panicked. "What should I do, Tony?!" I told him to fuck her. The funny thing, Andy was cut—a Jew boy. I'm uncut, and I have a big fucking cock. She never figured out who was who. Talk about your Vegas bimbo.

You should be grateful to Kaufman. Being associated with him has made you famous.

It helped to a certain point, but at the same time it hurt me. Because the people associated me with him so much I would go onstage, and people started yelling, "Andy Kaufman!" I fucking went abroad to avoid the bullshit.

Whose idea was it to tell Kaufman's life story in *Man on the Moon*?

That movie was made because of one person only: Danny DeVito. This guy produced *Pulp Fiction* and *Erin Brockovich*! Danny DeVito made this movie for one fucking reason: because he did not attend Andy Kaufman's funeral! We shot all these fucking scenes on the back lot at Universal. I'm in the film. Suddenly, one day we have to go to some fucking cemetery and a chapel. You could have shot that scene on the back lot, and no one would have fucking known. You could have taken a second unit and shot the cemetery.

We went there, and you know the scene in the movie where all the cast of *Taxi* is sitting in this chapel? NOT FUCKING ONE MEMBER OF THE CAST OF FUCKING *TAXI* SHOWED UP AT ANDY KAUFMAN'S FUNERAL! I was there. In Great Neck, New York. NOT ONE FUCKING PERSON THAT WORKED WITH HIM ON FUCKING *TAXI*. No Judd Hirsch!

I'm still fucking angry 24 years later! FUCKING DeVITO! He made the movie to rewrite history, to make himself feel better. Beyond that, the film was pretty good.

What have you been doing since Kaufman's "death"?

Working out of the country. I played Third World countries! I could fill up fucking volleyball stadiums in Peru.

Since Kaufman spent so much time impersonating you, have you ever considered impersonating him? Do a little "Dank you very much."

This is an interesting idea. Since he stole my act, I may seriously consider taking pieces of his act. Maybe "Mighty Mouse"?

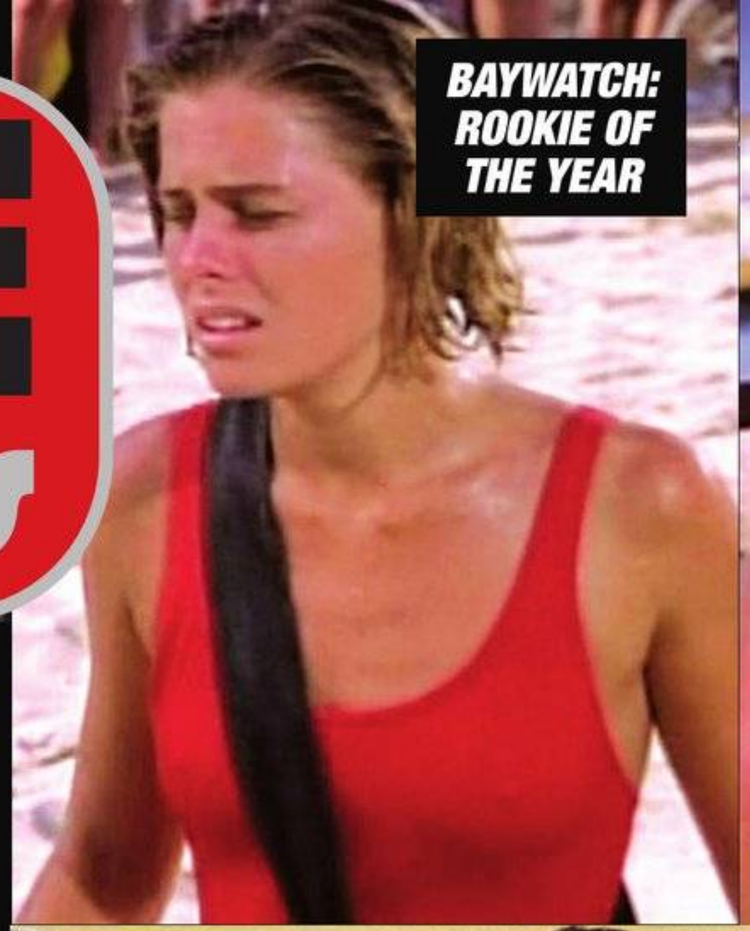
What is Tony Clifton's legacy?

The legacy of any art form is to ultimately survive as long as you can. God bless Kaufman! He brought me to the attention of the American public. He died a young man, and I feel bad about that. I'm thankful that he embraced me and who I am!

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

MOVIE Mammaries

NICOLE EGGERT: BOOB TUBE BEAUTY


BAYWATCH: ROOKIE OF THE YEAR

BAYWATCH: SKY RIDER

BAYWATCH: HAWAIIAN WEDDING

THE HAUNTING OF MORELLA

SECRET SINS

Nicole Eggert grew up on television…literally. The eye-catching Californian started her career at the age of nine in a series of Johnson's baby shampoo ads. Some of her other earliest credits include recurring roles on the television classics *Fantasy Island* and *T.J. Hooker*. As she blossomed into a teenager, Eggert frequently appeared on popular 1980s sitcoms, first as **Alyssa Milano**'s best friend on *Who's the Boss?* and then as the wisecracking eldest daughter in the **Scott Baio** vehicle *Charles in Charge*.

Looking to stretch out her talents, the then-18-year-old Eggert made her big-screen debut in the laughable horror flick *The Haunting of Morella* (1990). Sadly, the breasts seen during the steamy love scene and bloody shower were courtesy of a body double. Nevertheless, this dreadful film was important because it marked the beginning of Nicole's transition from child star to serious actress. Make that a serious actress who looks smoking hot in a bikini.

In 1992 Eggert joined fellow blond beauty Pamela Anderson for season three of the lifeguard jigglefest *Baywatch*. That same year, Nicole must have decided it was okay to show off her "true talents." Why else would she have gone topless in the film *Blown Away*? Thanks to the highly believable simulated sex, we think this is the finest moment in her risqué movie résumé. Wow, this girl sure can act!

Two years later, Eggert chose to leave *Baywatch* for greater things, namely obscurity. That decision led to one of the biggest tragedies in the history of show business: Nicole Eggert opted to have her breast implants removed! Post-surgery she popped up in a string of forgettable straight-to-video films with limited nudity, including *Secret Sins* (1995)—with another body double—and *Frequent Flyers* (1996). The latter is worth at least a brief glimpse since the petite looker spends a few moments in a tempting black teddy.

After nearly a decade of less-than-memorable film fodder, Eggert once again slapped on a bikini, returning to the beach for *Baywatch: Hawaiian Wedding* (2003). Hey, you almost get to see a nipple during a sandy make-out session. Need more Nicole? Rent *Dead Lenny* (2006) for an extended look at the babe's awesome ass, and *Cattle Call* (2006) to catch her as a stripper who doesn't take anything off.

Now 37, the actress still looks good but works only sporadically. Smells like someone could use a comeback. We suggest that a blast of full-frontal nudity may be just the thing to revitalize her sagging career. Give it a try, Nicole!

Remember, HUSTLER delivers the best in big-name skin from cinema and the boob tube. If there's an actress you'd like to see in the buff (or damn close to it), let us know by e-mailing *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

Rent These NOW!

FREQUENT FLYERS

BLOWN AWAY

CATTLE CALL

DEAD LENNY

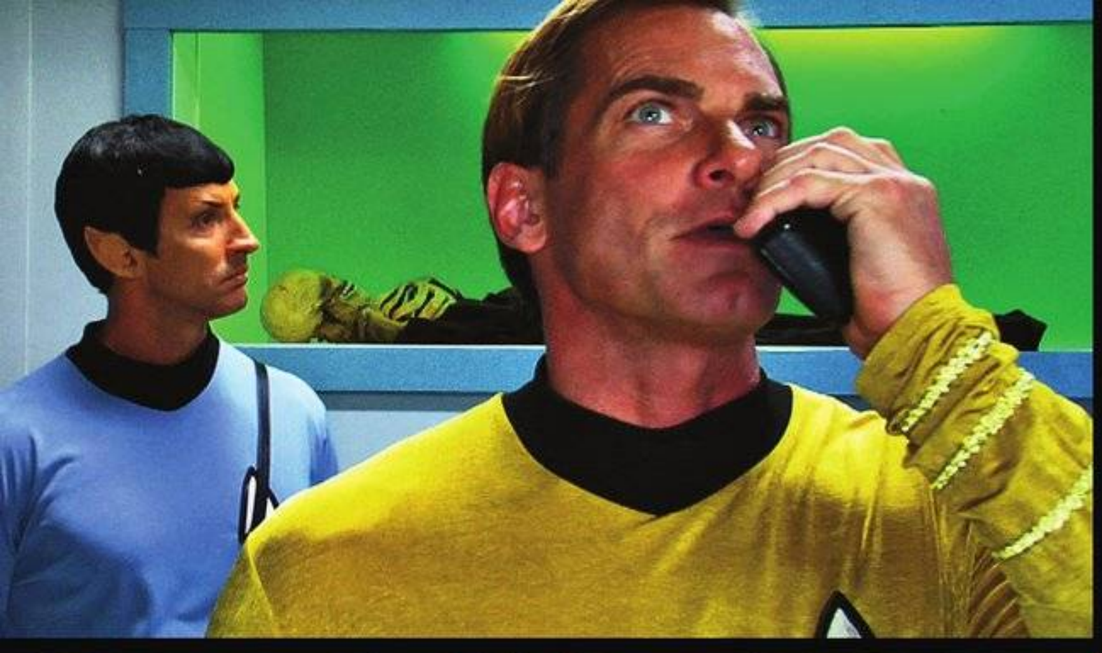
This Ain't Star Trek XXX

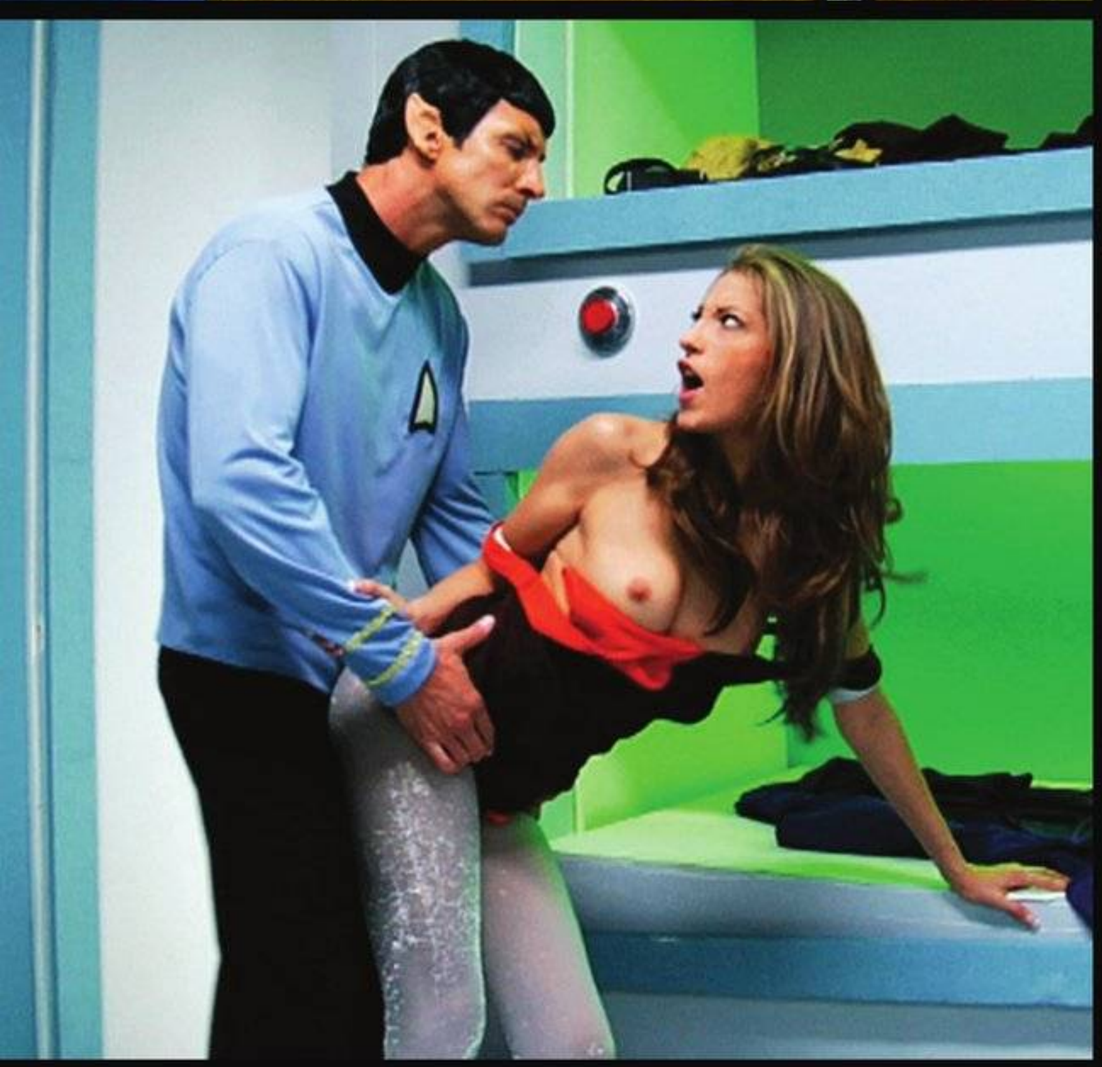
PHOTOS COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Space, the final frontier. These are the voyages of the starship *Enterprise* as reimagined by porn director Axel Braun for HUSTLER Video's latest parody of a classic TV show.

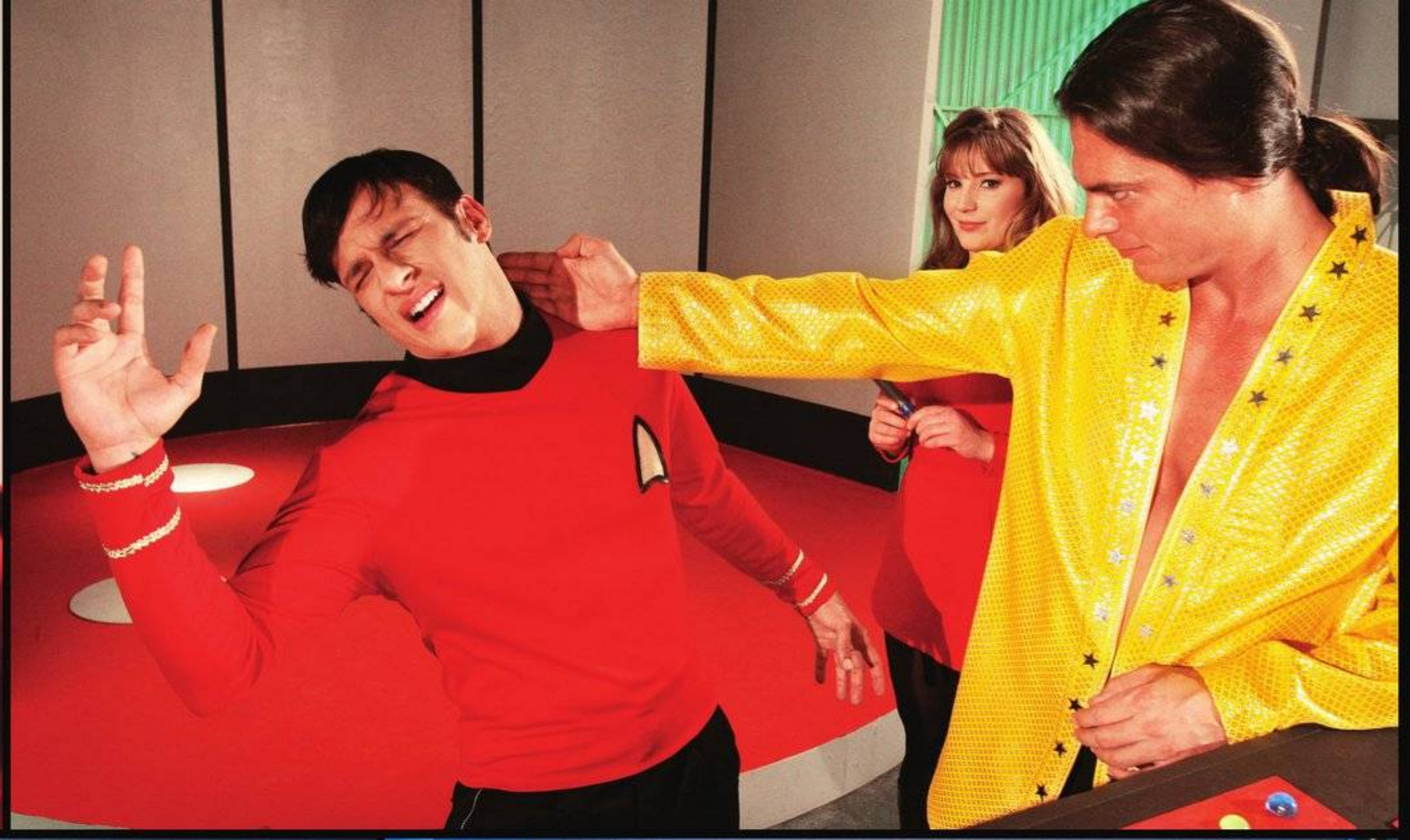
In *This Ain't Star Trek XXX* the bridge of the *Enterprise* becomes the center of action as Uhura (Jada Fire) accepts the "Captain's Log" from Captain Kirk (Evan Stone). The sultry temptress then finds herself in a "highly illogical" threesome with Kirk and Mr. Spock (Tony De Sergio).

Sizzling porn princesses Sasha Grey, Jenna Haze and Aurora Snow also take part in the intergalactic sex play. Watching this trio of trekkies get it on will have you setting your phasers on stunning.





The rest of your favorite crew members are here too, namely Sulu (Ero Sennin), Scotty (Anthony Rosano) and Bones (Cheyne Collins) who—guess what?—does some boning. Finally, there's Kirk's evil nemesis, Khan (Nick Manning), who tries to screw every life-form in sight.



This Ain't Star Trek XXX boldly goes where no adult film has gone before. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

BY ALLISON JANE STICE

Booty Battle

The state legislature wields a sword when a porn extravaganza is about to be screened on the University of Maryland's flagship campus.

A swashbuckling pornographic film sparked controversy and a clash with far-reaching implications at the University of Maryland, College Park. During the spring semester the Stamp Student Union's Hoff Theater scheduled a midnight screening of *Pirates II: Stagnetti's Revenge*, the most expensive XXX movie in history.

However, the state legislature debated to cut off all state funding if *Pirates II* was shown. Faced with the potential loss of almost half of the university's annual $1-billion budget, President C. Daniel Mote Jr. conceded within hours amid student and faculty clamoring that his decision infringed on protected free speech.

"Students were ignored and nobody stood up for us," said sophomore Malcolm Harris, a key organizer of an ensuing protest screening. "Silencing dialogue is never productive—ever."

But for lawmakers and UM administrators, it was a question of morality rather than the First Amendment. Said Mike Miller, president of the Maryland Senate: "I don't believe in censorship, but at the same time I don't think that film was appropriate in a state building on a state campus."

Hoff Theater had previously screened *Deep Throat* in 2005 with no scandal. In 2007 it hosted the panel discussion "Shakespeare Undressed," which showcased adult films influenced by the playwright, without incident. But *Pirates II* caused an uproar even though its producer, Digital Playground, had provided a free copy, meaning no outlay of state or student-fee dollars to screen it.

Word that the porn blockbuster was about to be shown on campus reached the Maryland General Assembly in Annapolis in the final weeks of its 90-day session. As the Senate debated budgetary allocations to UM, Republican Andrew P. Harris (no relation to Malcolm) fast-tracked an amendment to floor that would have denied funding to any higher education institution in the Terrapin State that allows a public presentation of a XXX film unless as part of an academic course.

The motion was withdrawn once the *Pirates II* screening was canceled. But according to Senator Miller, even though the amendment was "overkill," it would have passed because legislators were forced to vote either for hardcore pornography or university funding. Only a few lawmakers, led by Democratic Senator Jamin "Jamie" Raskin, voiced opposition.

"The proposed amendment was a direct affront to freedom of speech," stated Raskin, who's also a professor of Constitutional law. "The Supreme Court has been clear that student groups enjoy First Amendment rights. It's not the movie I would have chosen for myself or my kids, but that's the beauty of the First Amendment: People who want to see it can go, and those who don't want to don't have to."

President Mote, who hadn't intended to block *Pirates II* until the General Assembly issued its funding ultimatum, expressed concern about whether the university should promote pornography as entertainment. Like the majority in Annapolis, he did not believe it was a free speech issue. "No one said [the students] couldn't watch porn," he said.

"In the end, we were faced with the choice of forfeiting [millions of dollars] or showing a porn film," Mote added. "Whatever decision we made, the reaction would have been highly negative. In the words of an old country western [song], 'You've got to know when to hold 'em and know when to fold 'em.'"

Despite a warning from Senator Harris, Mote eventually allowed around 200 students (along with a handful of administrators and reporters) to view a 30-minute segment of *Pirates II* in a campus lecture hall. Also in attendance were representatives of the American Civil Liberties Union, who discussed protected free speech.

Meanwhile, the General Assembly shot down Senator Harris's grandstanding when he reintroduced his amendment in the days after the protest screening. Lawmakers ultimately chose to mandate that the university establish when and where XXX films are appropriate, without withholding state funding as a consequence. The administration has yet to come up with such a policy, but campus activists said students will be vigilant that it doesn't threaten their Constitutional freedoms.

According to President Mote, the University of Maryland, College Park's reputation hasn't suffered from the *Pirates II* controversy, which garnered extensive media coverage nationwide and abroad. Senator Raskin was less forgiving. Calling the entire affair "ridiculous," he bristled, "The amendment succeeded in getting a lot of free attention and publicity for a pornographic movie. Now, presumably, some private theater will pick up the slack and show [it]."

Allison Jane Stice, 20, is a junior at the University of Maryland, College Park. The journalism major is an assistant news editor at the *Diamondback*, the school's independent student newspaper.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

PIRATES II: STAGNETTI'S REVENGE PHOTO COURTESY DIGITAL PLAYGROUND

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions in entry form on page 131 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

Real College Girls

Asia: University of Central Florida

Thanks to Asia's rampant immodesty, the University of Central Florida now boasts a Miss America and a HUSTLER Real College Girl. "I like my body, and I like flaunting it even more," admits the 5-foot-8 sophomore, who tried out for UCF's volleyball team and thought about cheerleading before displaying her school spirit as a naked coed. "I like attention, and it's fun to be photographed." Asia also relishes "hiking, body surfing, horseback riding" and a brand-new pastime. "Now that I'm legal," the 21-year-old theater major makes known, "I like to go to bars once I'm done with schoolwork. I'm not a homebody at heart."

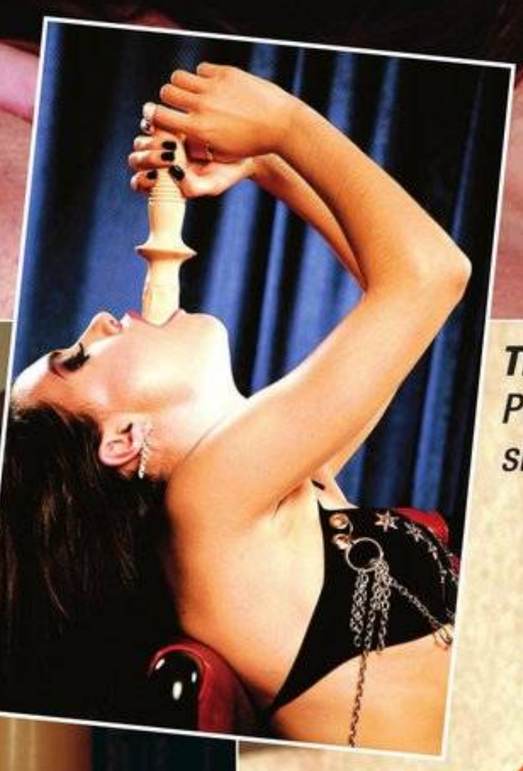
With a minor in journalism, Asia knows how to punctuate her skin-mag debut. "Although I'm very flirtatious and seductive," the bi-curious Sunshine Stater confides, "I've had sex with only four men and never gone all the way with a girl—just making out. I prefer tall, well-hung guys and blondies like myself, and in bed my favorite things are doggy-style, reverse cowgirl and giving a guy a blowjob." Polishing off her saucy showcase, Asia announces, "My biggest fantasy is to have sex in an airplane, while my career goal is to head to Hollywood and be a movie star."

—Photos by Friend

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Deep: Sasha Grey gets it stuck in her **Throat**.*



Throat

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: PAUL THOMAS. STARRING: SASHA GREY, PENNY FLAME, ALANA LOVE, ALLIE FOSTER, BEVERLY HILLS, BRYNN TYLER, CARMEN McCARTHY, EMILIANNA, JORDAN LANE, KELLY WELLS, MEGAN MONROE, RICKI RAXXX, JACK LOGAN, JERRY, LEE STONE, ROCCO REED, VOODOO, TRENT TESORO, MARCO BANDERAS, HERSCHEL SAVAGE & TOM BYRON.

Vivid's bleak, *CSI*-styled update of *Deep Throat* starts with dead-eyed beauty Sasha Grey as a corpse, intoning in her usual flat delivery, "That's me lying dead on that table." This is the kind of morbid, esteem-challenged smut Sasha seems to love doing, and she gives her sultry allure full rein. The scene in which she discovers her "gift" (clitoris in throat) features some mesmerizing mouth work, and even though this is at heart a blowjob picture, her anus is a very active supporting player. Speaking of which, the cast is studded with fine talent, not least the always-gleaming Penny Flame as a frustrated lady detective. *Throat* is dark, bloody and desperate to be edgy—resulting in bits like Sasha sucking off a self-loathing rabbi and later spitting "I hate you" at her strip-show spectators. Good times! Just make sure you get off before the dick-chomping climax. ***—M.J.***

***Throat** costar Penny Flame simmers.*

Kapri Styles feeds the **Addiction**.

Pushin' it: Persuajon, Melody Nakai and Nyomi Banxxx (right) are your new drug.

Black Ass Addiction #4

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: ALEXANDER DeVOE. STARRING: BLU DIAMOND, KAPRI STYLES, NYOMI BANXXX, JAZMINE CASHMERE, MELODY NAKAI, PERSUAJON, MR. MARCUS, BRIAN PUMPER, PORINCE YAHSHUAH, RICO STRONG & CJ WRIGHT.

Who knows why it took us so long to finally catch up with this series, but we're glad we did. Director DeVoe is known to deliver, and he sets loose some hard cock on a half-dozen of today's hottest black talent. Doll-faced debutant Melody Nakai warms things up nicely with her supposed first butt-fuck. She grits her teeth and sells it well. (Look for Melody in the upcoming *Not the Cosbys XXX*.) Next, Jazmine Cashmere proves she's not too big for a standing upside-down 69, never losing her poise—or lunch—for a second. Booty A-lister Kapri Styles is the real treat on disc one, with a great pile-driver scene. Unfortunately, she never takes off her top. Sure, this is an ass flick, but never undervalue the charm of Kapri's tiny nips. Gorgeous Blu Diamond opens disc two with her first DP, instantly making *BAA4* a must-buy. Diamond starts off elegant and ends up sweaty, ragged and ready for a bath. Chubby, cute Persuajon takes the black baton in a decent scene, but stunner Nyomi Banxxx clears the memory banks with a perfect finale, selling her ass-ripping with a perfect mix of lip-biting pain and ecstasy, then capping it with a hot, bubbly creampie. Analicious! Sign us up for a lifetime supply of this shit. ***—M.J.***

*Roxy DeVille is a total **Whack Job**.*

Whack Job

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: STORMY DANIELS. STARRING: ROXY DEVILLE, ALEXA JORDAN, GIANNA LYNN, KAYLANI LEI, LEXI LAMOUR, NIKKI RHODES, VERONICA RAYNE, DERRICK PIERCE, ETHAN CAGE, JACK VEGAS, MR. PETE, TOMMY GUNN & TONY DE SERGIO.

Wicked star director Stormy Daniels delivers another enjoyable stroke comedy, this time with the always-spunky Roxy DeVille in the lead. As the spoiled daughter of a local mob boss, Roxy catches her boyfriend having his cock spit-shined by Kaylani Lei and decides Daddy should whack him. Roxy, who made her name with tough-girl parts, has been showing her comedic chops lately, most notably in *This Ain't the Munsters XXX*. Here she's loads of fun as a manipulative sexpot surrounded by bungling thugs who are good for giving "princess" all the dick she wants, but not much else. Roxy is the prize attraction, but Tommy Gunn (building a rep as porn's De Niro) and Tony De Sergio deserve props for their hilarious teamwork as inept hitmen. Aiming her flick at a broad market, writer-director Stormy opts for a patient blend of cinematic tease and believable banging rather than the usual rushed raunch. That means plenty of gazing time, and the cast is well worth it. Roxy's character gets her bratty twat pounded twice, then again in a bonus scene. So if you've always wanted Roxy DeVille to get the attention she deserves, it's time to sit back, unzip and enjoy the *Whack Job*. **—M.J.**

*Gianna Lynn and Nikki Rhodes get the **Job** done.*

***Gilligan's** castaways Ryder Skye, Sindee Jennings and Darryl Hanah heat up TV land.*

This Ain't Gilligan's Island XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: ANTON SLAYER. STARRING: RYDER SKYE, SINDEE JENNINGS, DARRYL HANAH, REGAN REESE, ANTHONY ROSANO, EVAN STONE, JACK LAWRENCE & ROD FONTANA.

This entry in HUSTLER Video's string of hard-core spoofs will sell itself because we're all warped by too much TV. In other words, it doesn't matter much whether we say it's a masterpiece or looks like it was churned out in an afternoon. The premise is quick and dirty: A porn crew (with a slutty Regan Reese in tow) lands on the island and convinces the castaways to fuck on camera. Doofus Gilligan plays with his coconuts for a while until finally going native with Ginger (a very tanned Ryder Skye) and Mary Ann (Sindee Jennings). The girls are all cuties, meaning you wouldn't be setting signal fires on the beach if they were your fellow castaways. So what if they don't much look like the characters we remember? You don't remember all that well, anyway. As for the acting, it's appropriately atrocious, but what did you expect, Bob Denver to stop spinning in his grave long enough to do a cameo? And where else are you going to see Mrs. Howell get fucked in the ass? Admit it, that mental image just got a rise out of your little buddy. We told you this one would sell itself. ***—M.J.***

NOW PLAYING ON

HUSTLER TV™

THIS AIN'T GILLIGAN'S ISLAND XXX
12 INCH BLACKS IN CRACKS
MY FIRST PORN #11
5 WHITE MOMMAS
ASS EVERYWHERE #4
5 FRESH NEWCUMMERS
A SLUT LIKE MOM
THE VOYEUR #36
11 BLACK SEXY LESBIANS
COME INSIDE ME #14

Check with your cable or satellite television provider to see if it offers HUSTLER TV.

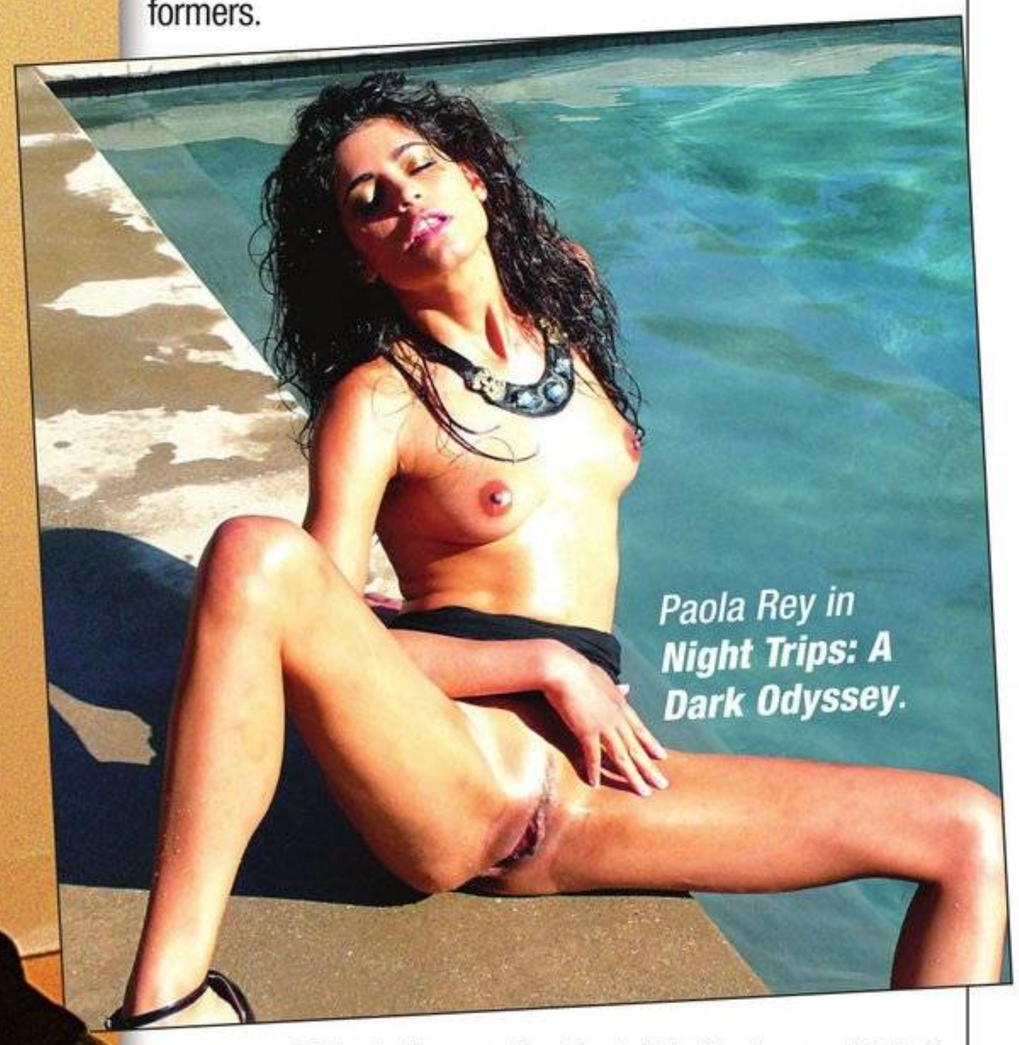
Castaways Sindee Jennings and Ryder Skye keep their little buddy company in *This Ain't Gilligan's Island XXX*.

Andrew Blake

The Fine Art of Porn

A LEGENDARY DIRECTOR CELEBRATES 20 YEARS OF EXQUISITE EROTICA

Andrew Blake is in a retrospective mood these days. After unreeling *Night Trips: A Dark Odyssey*, a mesmerizing update of his classic 1989 debut, *Night Trips*, he has released *Five Stars*, a compilation of scenes dating back to 1992, featuring a quintet of the industry's top performers.



Paola Rey in ***Night Trips: A Dark Odyssey.***

Blake is famous for his stylish "body worship" of female beauty. The polar opposite of most smutmeisters, he turns out an average of only two or three DVDs a year, patiently shooting his lavish works on film, then carefully digitizing and editing until he has exactly the effect he wants.

Stunners such as Aria Giovanni, Dahlia Grey and Paola Rey have returned to Blake's studio again and again, drawn by his distinctive eye. Each production is a portrait of its star, reflecting even her imagined psychological states. *Night Trips: A Dark Odyssey*—which Blake says is more narrative than most of his films—is the perfect example. "It's about Paola Rey," Blake explains, lounging in his Venice, California, editing studio with the lady herself. "She plays kind of a sex addict."

"Everywhere my character looks, it's sex, sex, sex," Paola chimes in.

"It's analogous to my own life," the filmmaker jokes.

"There's a story, but it's still my vignette style," Blake adds, slipping into his philosophical mode. "The cutting back and forth between scenes becomes like a metaphor for masturbation. At this point in my life, sex means to me not necessarily physicality as much anymore, but capturing on film that thing that gets you hard and to keep it. My films are my sexual being. That's the case with a lot of people in this business, but I'm trying to be more conscious about it."

Night Trips: Charlotte Stokely as the director's alter ego.

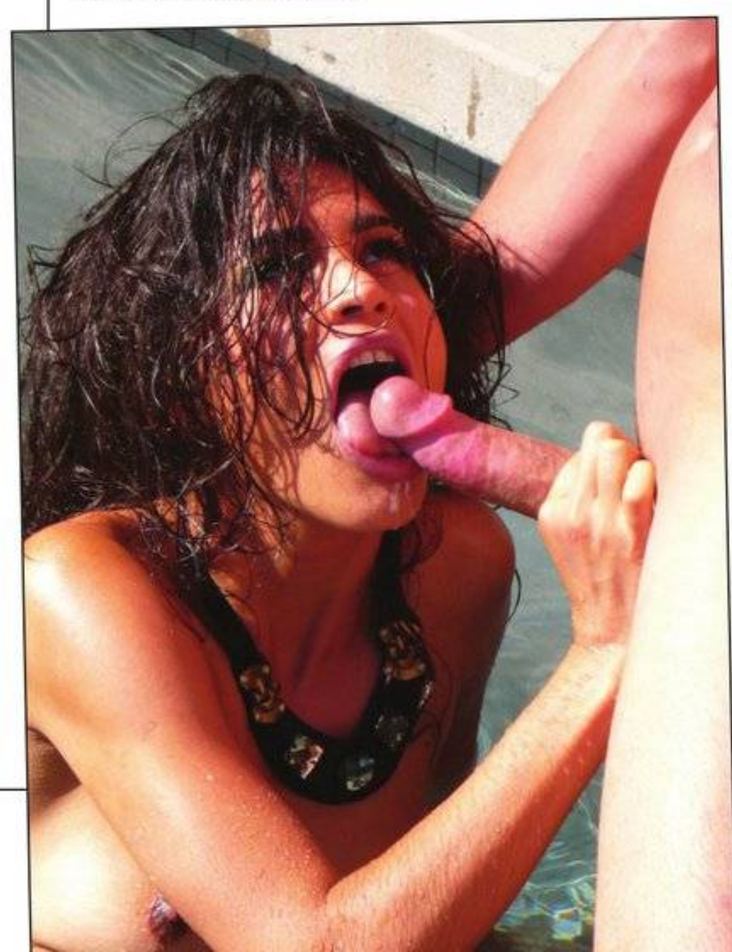
Aria Giovanni, Dita Von Teese, Sasha Grey, Janine Lindemulder and Tera Patrick are **Five Stars.**

Blake's preference for highly stylized, slow-smoldering scenes of tease and voyeurism—usually with music replacing the slurps and moans of sex—has raised the misconception that he shies away from hard-core. "I don't like hearing my work is 'tasteful,'" he emphasizes. "I don't mind being called a pornographer. I'm gonzo, but *expensive* gonzo. I may not find abuse and humiliation attractive, but I do like to be the dominant male, and I like to be dirty in an erotic way."

Paola sums it up: "You're a pussy lover, not a pussy hater."

"I couldn't agree more," says Blake with a pleased grin. "A friend of mine once said a good porn movie starts with a director's hard-on. Find a girl that turns you on, create a fantasy between the two of you, then present it to the audience and make them believe it. That's all you have to do."

For more of Blake's self-insights, check out his commentary track on the *Five Stars* DVD. For additional info and to order DVDs, go to **AndrewBlake.com**.



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OUR EXCELLENCE RESTS IN THE DETAILS...

Desert Flower

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

SANDY

While I was growing up in Hungary, I dreamed of moving to America," **Sandy** recalls, "becoming a famous model like Cindy Crawford and living somewhere nice and warm. It seemed like just a fantasy, yet somehow here I am—a model with a home in beautiful Arizona. Most days it doesn't seem real to me, but it is! Now I'm in HUSTLER! Perfecto!"

Sandy bares more than her breathtaking body. "I'm a romantic at heart," she says. "I love holding hands and taking long walks. If a guy wants to be with me, he has to work at it—candles, flowers, the whole nine yards. Don't try to rush me right into bed. Build the anticipation. That's hot. Yes, getting to know each other takes time, but when a guy and I finally do have sex, we'll connect on both a physical and mental level. That gives me the best orgasms."

Sandy is passionate, but the curvy blonde is also very compassionate. "I'm not political," she tells us, "but I love the fact that Obama is President. It shows that Americans are willing to accept all races. However, I am worried about the state of the economy. More and more people I know have lost their jobs. I hope that posing naked offers someone a little pleasure in these tough times."

On that note, **Sandy** has a closing message: “I hope you will see a lot more of me in the years to come. I want to thank all the readers who enjoy my pictures. You are helping me live my dream. I love you all!”

Sandy is hungry for sex in *Barely Legal #4*, *Barely Legal 4 on 1 #1*, *Girl + Girl #9*, *High Octane #6* and *Precious Pink: Body Business #3* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

SANDY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Scottsdale, Arizona | AGE: 32 | BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 110

MARIA

Launching our latest amateur armada is this 20-year-old resident of O'Fallon, Missouri, who almost overnight progressed from a Show-Me Stater on a Hawaiian getaway to a show-it-all temptress in *Beaver Hunt*. "I'd never been naked at a beach until flying to Maui," Maria tells us. "That's where I ran into a local with a camera and asked if I could model for him. You should have seen his face when my top came off, then the bottom." Maria is partial to Mexican food, tequila, *That '70s Show*, masturbation and sports—kickboxing, running, bowling and soccer—but the 5-foot-5 hottie is extra-sporting as a *compadre*. "I'm bi, kinky and fun to be around," Maria coos. "I have sex mostly every day, and I like it rough and crazy. I love going down on a girl or guy and being fucked doggy-style by a big dick or dildo. I've been with two girls a few times, but my fantasy is to be with six. There's no such thing as too much pussy!" —Photos by Friend

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

"I'd love to go down on a girl while I'm getting fucked from the back!"

SHAYNA

"If I could, I'd have sex morning, noon and night," proclaims Shayna, 25, a stripper from Dearborn, Michigan, who's also into rap, Jamaican food, networking and basketball's Detroit Pistons. "My favorite thing is taking a dick out of my pussy and licking off my juices. I also like anal sex—that's always wild—and sometimes throwing in a girl for a threesome." But Shayna eyes more delights: "My fantasy is kinda dangerous, but danger turns me on. I want to have sex with a guy while he's driving, just not on a busy highway." Should the 5-foot-3 ex-teacher upgrade to fuck flicks, she'll be up to speed. "I once brought a date to a party at a friend's house," Shayna recounts, "and we had hot sex in her bedroom. She walked in just as the guy was coming on my face!" —Photos by Friend

MELANIE

"My boyfriend has a hard-on the entire time he takes sexy pictures of me," asserts this "usually shy" fräulein, who was born in Germany and now resides in Washington State. "So the thought of other guys and girls getting turned on by my naked body is very exciting." When clothed and not toiling as a project manager, Melanie, 31, savors "good food with a glass or two of wine, racing my motorcycle, going to the gym and Internet surfing." As for sexual interludes, the 5-foot-6 Seattle denizen kicks ass. (Ain't hers a corker?!) "I love making my man come as many times as possible," Melanie avows, "and he loves the way my pussy squeezes the cum out of his dick." Meanwhile, the "fun and adventurous" doggy-style devotee squeezes out more bawdy candor: "I find anal very kinky. Another huge turn-on for me is spontaneous sex—wherever, whenever. I've gone from the backseat of a car behind some bushes to the middle of a soccer field." Now Melanie can look back on being in the middle of a recently fulfilled fantasy, her first threesome: "My man and a second stud took turns fucking me from behind while I gave the other one great head. Wanna see the pics?" We can't wait! —Photos by Boyfriend

ASHLEY CINN

We now introduce a mechanic from East Bethel, Minnesota, whose life revolves around "fast cars, airplanes and sex." Tool-savvy in every sense, Ashley Cinn, 36, cuts to the chase: "I'm straight, and I prefer an aggressive man or men in the sack. I love sucking cock and being fucked hard—and not just by my husband. My most memorable sexual adventure was the first time he watched me get fucked by another man." The 5-foot-7 "threeway demon," whose fave flick is *The Fast and the Furious*, continues her ribald manifesto: "I also enjoy anal; it heightens the orgasm, making me come really hard." Besides being an avid flasher, Ashley displays exceptional bravado: "One evening," she recalls, "my husband and I went out for dinner at a restaurant that revolved on top of a building with windows all the way around it. We found a booth and had sex right there overlooking the skyline. I love the idea of getting caught." Mrs. Cinn also relishes the idea of total submission. "One of my fantasies is to be blindfolded and handcuffed while I'm worked over by a group of black men. I've discovered that black cocks are harder, thicker and longer and can fuck me better." —Photos by Husband

"My husband enjoys a good wife during the day and a slut in bed."

SUGAR

"I'm very outgoing and spontaneous, and I like to try new things," reckons Sugar, 27, a retail worker from Sederway, Washington. The 5-foot-1 sweetie's latest lark—albeit not as daring as her "getting it on in a park" episode—is sharing a batch of titillating snapshots. "It's kinda exciting that your readers will be looking at me naked in my home," chirps Sugar, whose favorite TV show is, appropriately, *Grey's Anatomy*. The straight pixie is also big on "threesomes with my husband and another dude," toys, country crooner Kenny Chesney, basketball and football. "I go to lots of U-Dub [University of Washington] games," Sugar tosses out. She also has a spectatorish fantasy: "I want to watch my husband having sex with another woman."
—Photos by Husband

"I please my husband whenever and wherever he wants me to."

"My birthday wish is to have a hot couple to be my sex slaves!"

KATRINA

"Photography and people-watching are my main hobbies," reveals this "rambunctious" caregiver from Newaygo, Michigan. "Lo and behold, I decided to do something unexpected and frisky, letting people watch me modeling in the buff. I'm old enough and brave enough." Soon to turn 24, Katrina shares a September 7 birthday with HUSTLER staffer Tex Hagen, but that's not all she shares. "I think of sex as mutual worship," waxes the 5-foot-5 bi babe, who adores the woman-on-top position but not the slam-bam-thank-you-ma'am ritual. "Foreplay is always important before getting down to business." Katrina's idyllic dream is "to open a boutique in Maui; then I could go to that nude hippie beach I've heard about." —Photos by Friend

ABBY

"My husband wanted me to do this, and I was all for it too," declares this "busy woman"—namely a "hardworking waitress and great mom"—from San Antonio, Texas. "I liked the idea of seducing the camera as I showed off my new boobs and all the rest." Being seductive is old hat to 28-year-old Abby, whose nonamorous pastimes are topped by baseball and volleyball (as a player and coach) and watching *Dr. Phil*. "When it comes to sex, I've done everything," the 5-foot-5 social networking fan professes. "I'm bisexual, crazy in bed, and anything goes." Even anal? "Hell, yeah!" Abby roars. Multiple partners? "I love making sex stories come to life," she replies, "which is why I did three guys on my birthday once. But it wasn't a gang-bang. I did them one at a time. They each got more attention that way." As a Beaver, Abby is sure to garner loads of it. —Photos by Friend

BABY

Hailing from Haiku, Hawaii, this "outgoing and sweet" 20-year-old has come well prepared for her skin-mag debut. Baby's must-watch TV show is MTV's *Undressed*, which could also be the title of the surfing and dancing buff's memorable sojourn to Colorado. "A girlfriend dared me," the 5-foot-2 sprite reminisces, "so I streaked bare-assed naked through the 16th Street Mall in Denver. I did three laps before fetching my clothes." Now Baby can stay put as she disrobes for a worldwide audience. "Modeling nude makes me feel really sexy, hot and naughty," discloses the "kinky, bisexual" neophyte, who's up for "almost anything" when she has company. "In high school I was a sprinter and pole vaulter," Baby continues. "Now I like pole-sitting on guys. I'm also into leather, whips, handcuffs, blindfolds and being totally submissive. My place is Maui's bondage central. It even has a fantasy swing." But not her fantasy love nest. "I want to get laid on a cop car," the risqué mallrat (and anal virgin) fantasizes. —Photos by Friend

SPANISH ROSE

"I want to enjoy life to the fullest extent possible," purrs Spanish Rose, 42, a translator from Lancaster, Pennsylvania. No wonder the '80s and salsa music aficionada labels her social status as "married but sucking and fucking!" Elaborating, the 5-foot-4 "persuasive" vixen confides, "My sex life is very active. I like to please my husband and fulfill whatever he wants, and he always pleases me, especially when I'm on top. Although I've fulfilled some fantasies—sex in an elevator and other public places and girl/girl threesomes—I still have plenty more. One is to visit a swing club and see what it's like." —Photos by Husband

WIN BIG BUCKS!

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER?

If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $250 and a chance at posing for a layout worth $2,500. (The layout winner's shooter will pocket $250.) All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

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Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

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Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

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Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

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DECEMBER 1976

HUSTLER CLASSIC

...a feel for it

LORILEE

I'm scared to death of the ocean," **Lorilee** told us, but she thought this was "one of the most beautiful spots she had ever seen."

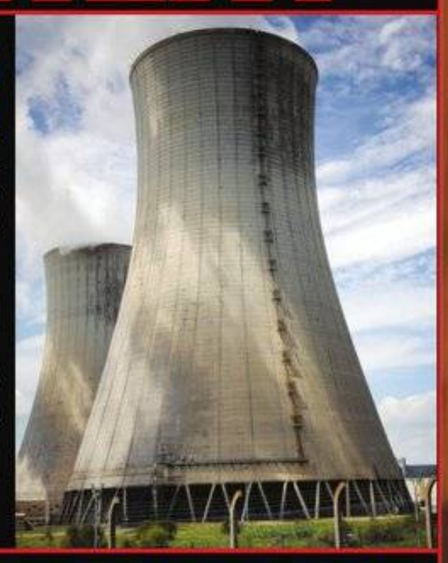
Since she claims she's really into touching, it's no surprise to us that the feel of the water and sand enticed this bosomy 19-year-old to overcome her fear. For her, touching isn't just sex but a way of communicating. "Anyone who's afraid to touch or fondle is inhibited," **Lorilee** said, and it appears that she's not holding back in her contact with the sea and its surroundings.

However, life isn't all frolics and fondling for this Monrovia, California, model. **Lorilee** is studying to be a medical assistant. "I'm crazy about anatomy." That goes double for us.

COMING NEXT

NUKING NUCLEAR POWER'S AGENDA

Don't swallow the propaganda that nuclear energy is cheap, safe and the answer to America's energy problems. Instead, pick up our next issue and read investigative reporter Karl Grossman's point-by-point dismantling of the nuke industry's ten big lies. We don't need another Three Mile Island or Chernobyl.



FROM *SUPERMAN* TO PORN

Joe Shuster is revered as the cocreator of the *Superman* comics, but the Man of Steel/Clark Kent, Lois Lane et al. were just part of his legacy. As disclosed in the new book *Secret Identity*, Shuster was also the anonymous illustrator of a sadomasochistic comic book series. Look for a super sampler next month.

PRO SPORTS: MONEY, MAYHEM AND SUDDEN DEATH

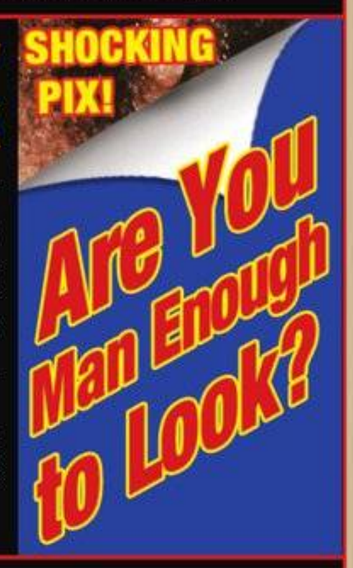
Professional sports has long been a ticket to riches and glory, but for many jocks the price has been steep—broken bones, paralysis, even trips to the undertaker. From a beaned ballplayer to pummeled boxers to smashed-up tough guys in football pads and race cars, Todd Farley tallies the savagery lurking on the field of dreams.

PORN STAR KARAOKE

Just about everybody wants to belt out their fave tunes at a karaoke bar—even the XXX crowd. Tera Patrick and Kayden Kross are but two of the jizz-biz songbirds who've grabbed the mike at a Porn Valley hangout. Don't miss Eric Althoff's jaunt to the most risqué karaoke hoedown in America.

STDs: THE HARSH REALITY OF UNSAFE SEX

Almost 20 million new cases of sexually transmitted diseases occur in the U.S. every year, but that figure could be drastically reduced if men weren't so reluctant to wear condoms. Backed by medical photos, journalist Jennifer Matlack details the horrors of six prevalent STDs.



MASTER ARTIST'S SEXY SIDELINE

Leo Leibelman first gained fame inking an array of heroic comic book figures, led by Conan, Tarzan and Vampirella. But the self-proclaimed "admirer of the female form" has also produced breathtaking illustrations depicting nude women. Our upcoming lineup will be loaded with Leo's luscious ladies.

The October '09 issue goes on sale August 4, 2009. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

ANGELINA ASH